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CONTRASTS.

BY F. B.

A short June night, now brightening fast to dawn;
A house with doors and windows open wide;
A silent sick-room, where a dying man
Lies prostrate in his youth and manhood's pride.

A bird's sweet carol, entering glad and shrill—
A bird that sings of Hope, when Hope has fled;
And the sound smites the watcher with a thrill
Of agony—as if some voice had said;

"Weep on—and watch! but I shall sing as sweet
Among the roses—though thy dear ones' die;
And all the world shall pass with careless feet,
Although thy heart be broken utterly!"

Oh little bird! how tuneful was thy lay,
That told so bitterly on mourners' ears;
Yet it was Summer—and what tongue will say;
"'Twere well if Nature too could share our tears!"

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"A WIFE!" said Daphne; and a sunny smile came over her face.

"That is a possibility I have never thought of yet.

"I have never dreamed of myself as anybody's wife."

"There is time enough," remarked Lady Marcia; "you are only seventeen.

"You will be somebody's wife some day, no doubt."

"I am not at all sure as to that," laughed Daphne.

"I am happy in fulfilling my duties as a daughter.

"I do not know what sort of wife I should make.

"By-the-bye, Lady Marcia do not tell any one that I came to see this picture. They would laugh at me and tease me, and I should not like that."

Lady Marcia told no one but the Earl, who was naturally charmed.

"She is a loving tender-hearted girl," he said.

"I am delighted to hear that she thinks so much of my poor boy."

And Lady Marcia in that moment felt almost as though the whole business was settled and Daphne must be Countess of Cradoc.

It so happened that on that same day the Earl went through the woods to find one of the keepers he wished to see.

All his thoughts ran much on Daphne. He loved her very dearly; from the first his heart had warmed to her; and now he felt that she had made a place for herself there. He had almost hoped that it was the will of Heaven she should succeed him; she was so bright, so blithe, so loving.

He felt that she would cherish the memory of his beloved boys, and keep it green. If his suffrage had been taken at that time, Daphne would have been Countess of Cradoc then and there.

Passing through a plantation known as the Firs, he caught sight of Irene sitting on the summit of a grassy mound.

"Here, and alone?" he said, as he made his way to her.

"Yes.

"It is my own fault.

"I wanted to be alone.

"I want to think."

"One could not have a better place for thought," he said, taking his place by her side.

The view was magnificent, for it comprised the woods, the river, the grand old church of Abbey Dale, a glorious sweep of meadow-land, fertile farms, cosy homesteads.

"It is a beautiful view," said Irene.

"How strange that so much should belong to one man, while thousands of others have not even a place upon which to lay their hands!"

"Strange?

"But it is common and fitting order of things," said the Earl.

"Well I am sure of one thing," said Irene thoughtfully—"that the man or woman who holds so much in his or her hands is but a steward.

"It was never intended that one should monopolize it.

"On the contrary, it should be held as a precious trust from Heaven."

"Those are mature ideas for so young a head," said the Earl.

"Are they?

"I hope I have not said anything to offend you?"

"No; there is nothing I like to hear better than the fresh ideas of a youthful mind; and you talk and think as my son Bertie talked and thought.

"It is always well to know what others think.

"Now, if you, Irene, had the sole control of a large estate and revenue like mine, what should you do?"

She was silent for a few minutes. Then she answered—

"It is a difficult question, but I will try to reply to it.

"First I should consider myself responsible for every one on the estate.

"I should not be foolishly generous, giving indiscriminately but should try to estimate the just value of labor done, holding justice in my right hand, mercy in my left.

"My tenants should pay a fair rent; but, if they wanted anything done which would improve the land, I would help them to carry it out.

"I should like them to consult me in all emergencies, and feel that in their landlord they had their truest friend. When any went wrong—fell into temptation, yielded to sin—I would not summarily dismiss them; but I would give them a further trial.

"Do you find all that quixotic?"

"No—very praiseworthy," said the Earl quietly.

"You asked me a broad question," she went on, with a smile, "and now you must hear all my answer."

"I shall be most happy. You are a very fervent young reformer."

"Am I, Lord Cradoc? I am telling you what I should do if I had estates and revenues.

"You perhaps act in similar fashion yourself."

"Go on, Irene," he said.

And she continued, with the same grave sweet wisdom.

"I should build schools for the children—I would not have an uneducated child on the estate—and they should learn everything useful—to read and write, to sew, to cook, how to keep a house in order, to tend little ones younger than themselves."

"Very sensible," said the Earl, with a smile.

"Then I would build almshouses for the poor and hospitals for the sick.

"I would try," she added earnestly, "to do good to all."

"You must have thought deeply over this matter, Irene?" said the Earl.

"No, I have not. I have never imagined myself mistress of even a small estate: I never shall be one.

"Something like poverty will always be my lot."

"You cannot be sure of that," said the Earl.

"I feel as sure as it is possible for any one to be," she replied.

"You may marry well," he said.

A look of passionate pain came over her beautiful face.

"If I marry at all," she said, "I hope to marry well, but not in your sense of the word.

"I should never marry for money."

"You are one of a thousand then, Irene," cried the Earl.

"You have told me what you would do if you had a large estate; but how about yourself—about the jewelry, diamonds, horses, carriages, and all the fine things that ladies like?"

"I have but little acquaintance with them; but that is sufficient," she said.

"My tastes do not lie in that direction at all.

"I do not think I have any frivolous ideas.

"I should like my life to be filled with good and useful work.

"If it were not for mamma, I should try to do something as it is; but that would break her heart.

"I hope it will please Heaven not to take me out of this world until it is somewhat—however little—the better for my having lived in it."

"That is your highest ambition?" said the Earl gently.

"Yes, my highest," she replied.

"I do not say that it is my dearest wish. I have one wish nearer to my heart than ambition."

"What is it?" asked the Earl.

"I will tell you when we know each other better. I have always intended to tell you," she replied, "but would rather not now."

"Anything that interests you is of interest to me," said the Earl; "and if I can forward any wish of yours, I shall be delighted to do so.

"Now I must go. I have to see one of the keepers.

"Will you give me the pleasure of your society?

"Would you like a walk?"

"With you," she asked, raising her dark eyes to his face.

"Yes, very much—above anything else."

And they started off together.

Lady Marcia was puzzled once more.

That morning Daphne seemed to be the favorite.

Now Lord Cradoc came in to luncheon with a beaming face, full of the delightful walk he had with Irene, and enthusiastic about her ideas.

Lady Ryeford was in the seventh heaven of delight. This was as it should be.

Now she felt pleased that Irene was unlike other girls, was sensible and thoughtful, older than her years; for the Earl was evidently struck.

The store of information and reading which she had once thought really objectionable now became of value in her eyes, since it would please the Earl.

* * * * * *

Some weeks had passed since the arrival of the guests at Poole, and they had by this time become intimately acquainted. It was the middle of December, and the Earl began to think that it was time to introduce his charming young kinswomen to his neighbors.

At present, beyond Sir Arthur Markham and the Studleys, they had formed no acquaintances.

He had found himself hitherto utterly unable to make any choice.

To him their merits were so evenly balanced that he could give neither the preference.

Perhaps, if they went into society, some traits of character might exhibit themselves which would guide him.

He would find out too which was the more popular among friends and acquaintances—in fact, it was the best step he could think of taking.

Everybody was at fault. Lady Marcia loved Daphne best, partly because she had no mother, and partly for her sweet bright gaiety.

She had the art of amusing, and it was a novelty to Lady Marcia to be amused.

She wished she could have gone to the Earl and said to him, "I have watched them both, I know them both well, and Daphne should be your choice; she should be your successor."

But she could not honestly do that, for Irene had powers and gifts at least equal to Daphne's.

Poor Lady Marcia was in great perplexity for the Earl and his adviser had been so sure of her ability to help them to decide a question of vital moment, and she felt she was of no use at all.

"It is not often," said the distracted lady to herself, "that one can complain of relatives being too perfect, too lovable. Oh, if one of these girls would but prove superior to the other!"

For, with all the intelligence she could bring to bear upon the study of their characters, she could find but trifling faults. In Daphne there was a certain bright carelessness, in Irene a quick passionate impulse—both of which, she felt, wanted restraining.

"'Good blood never lies,'" she said to herself.

"But race always tells."

She had not found either of the two speak an equivocating word or do a mean action. In one respect it would have been almost a relief to her to have done so.

Mr. Rigby had done his best.

Never a week had passed without his going over to Poole to dine and spend the evening.

"There is no sentimental nonsense about me," said the lawyer.

"I am not likely to be influenced by any pretty feminine ways or caprices.

"I shall form a stern, correct judgment, just as though I had two blue-books to deal with."

But he found himself foiled, the result of his investigation being that he fell hopelessly in love with both.

He had never imagined that two such lovable creatures could exist; and as he drove home under the light of the stars, the good lawyer devoutly thanked Heaven that the responsibility of the choice did not, after all, lie with him.

So up to the present time the course pursued had been a failure.

Neither of the girls knew why they had been invited, nor had either the least suspicion how matters stood, while the only outsider who suspected anything was Lady Ryeford.

Matters might possibly be different if they mixed more in society.

The Earl thought that he would then be sure to hear impartial remarks and comments, society having a summary method of judging, and standing upon scant ceremony.

"It seems very soon," he remarked to Lady Marcia, "to begin the round of life again; yet, though the boys have been dead only six months, it seems like six years to me."

Lady Marcia encouraged him in his project, for she was painfully anxious.

The loss of his son preyed upon him even more than he was aware.

He had aged much; he was thinner, paler, and had a constant cough.

Lady Marcia and Mr. Rigby had many anxious consultations about him, and were very desirous that something should be decided.

What a terrible thing it would be if anything happened before his affairs were settled!

"If he had but made his choice," said Lady Marcia to the lawyer, "and his mind

were completely at rest, I would persuade him to go abroad for a year or two. He will never be happy or well at Poole, where everything speaks of the boys: he can never forget them here for five minutes together."

So Lord Cradoc's plan on seeking the votes, as it were, of society met with approval from his two advisers.

The Earl thought that a ball would most fitly inaugurate the round of festivities he intended giving.

No one was more delighted than Lady Ryeford, for now she felt she would have "an opening."

She considered herself infinitely superior to Lady Marcia in all social knowledge; now was the time to show it.

She went to the Earl's study, where he was busily engaged in preparing a list of guests whom he wished to invite.

"I am grieved to interrupt you," she said; "but I was anxious for a few words."

"My dear Lady Ryelord," said the Earl, in his most courteous fashion, "I am delighted to see you.

"I feel honored by your visit. What can I do for you."

She looked at him with a faint smile.

"Nothing, dear Lord Cradoc, thanks; *au contraire*, I want to do something for you."

"You are very kind," said the Earl, puzzled as to what she meant.

"Lady Marcia tells me you are thinking of giving a ball; and I thought, as she does not seem very strong, I would offer my services.

"She looks to me like a person with some terrible secret anxiety," continued Lady Ryeford, delighted to have secured the Earl's attention, and anxious to retain it.

"That must be fancy on your part," he replied, laughing.

"Lady Marcia has nothing to trouble her, except"—and his face saddened—"except the loss of the boys."

"Ah, that sad, irreparable loss!" sighed Lady Ryeford.

"It is indeed irreparable," said the Earl gravely.

Then he wondered if he should take this handsome clever woman into his confidence.

But no—that would never do.

She would of course decide for her queenly daughter, and his heart pleaded for Daphne.

"I thought," continued Lady Ryeford, in her sweetest voice, "that, if I could be of any use to you, dear Lord Cradoc, I would gladly place my services at your disposal. Of course, since the death of Sir Alton, I have not been in a position to give balls; but I understand the whole science—if I may so call it—from beginning to end. I should be most happy to undertake all responsibility, if it will relieve Lady Marcia and you."

"As regards myself, I should be very glad," said the Earl, raising his worn face to hers, "for I do not feel quite equal to it. But I cannot answer for Lady Marcia."

"I have spoken to her and she seemed delighted."

"Then, my dear Lady Ryeford, I shall be only too pleased," said the Earl. "Pray take the entire management—I give you carte blanche.

"The only thing I need do in the matter is to write out this list; that, of course, you could not do, as you do not know the county.

"But everything else I leave to you."

That was the worst day's work the Earl ever did for it gave Lady Ryeford a taste of power that was fatal.

She was at the very acme of delight; nothing could have pleased her better or have made her happier.

She had really that social knowledge which is needed to make an entertainment a success; and Lady Marcia, who lacked it, at times, during the preparation for the ball, wondered in silence how it happened that power and management seemed to be slipping from her grasp.

Lady Ryeford made her mark on this occasion.

She had for some time longed for an opportunity of "coming to the front," and now she had it.

There were great elation and excitement when it became known in the county that the doors of Poole were about once more to be thrown open.

Rumors of the beauty and talent of two girls staying there had spread far and wide, and caused no little sensation.

Some few knew of the peculiarity as regarded the succession in the Cradoc family. There was some anxiety on the subject. Had Lord Cradoc a male heir or not? Were the girls to be co-heiresses?

Would the estates and the revenues be divided between them, or would one inherit the whole?

And, if so, which would it be?

Gossip and speculation were rife, and the ball was looked forward to with an anxiety that had never been felt in the county before.

The rumor gained ground that the girls were not co-heiresses—that one would succeed to all.

Which would it be?

People felt confident that they would soon be able, from the manner of the Earl and the young ladies, to discover which was the favored one.

At Lady Marcia's suggestion the Earl sent to Paris for their ball-dresses.

These proved a very triumph of artistic taste.

The color of Irene's was black and amber the pale amber that suits a brunette complexion so perfectly.

Daphne's dress was glistening white silk trimmed with exquisite lace and drooping grasses.

Lady Marcia declared that, if they had been sent to Paris for them, their respective styles could not have been better suited. Of all the invitations sent out, scarcely one had been declined; and, as the day approached, the excitement grew intense.

The girls mutually admired each other's dresses—and they were young enough to look forward to a ball as to a vision of delight.

"It is my first ball," said Daphne to Irene.

"Now, in all the novels I have read, something has always happened to the heroine at her first ball.

"I wonder if anything will happen to me?"

"What would you like best?" asked Irene.

"Plenty of dancing, plenty of nice partners, of compliments, and everything pleasant," she replied, with a bright laugh.

"Daphne," said Irene, looking at her earnestly, "your heart is asleep."

"I hope it will never wake," she replied, with sudden gravity, "for to wake a sleeping heart may be as dangerous as to stir a sleeping lion.

"But, Irene," she continued, "I could not say as much as that for you."

Daphne was beginning to understand her friend better than she had hitherto.

CHAPTER XI.

"ONLY six months dead" were the words that seemed to haunt the Earl as he passed through the brilliantly-lighted hall—"only six months dead, and the house is a brilliant scene of gaiety! Well, well, I could not help it. It is but a means to an end."

Lady Ryeford had done her work very well.

She knew that plenty of light and plenty of flowers were essential, and that without them nothing else would be effective. She had spared neither.

The flowers were superb and the lighting brilliant. Indeed every arrangement was perfect.

It was many long years since such a ball had been given at Poole.

The string of carriages laden with guests seemed endless.

The servants, like their master, were sorrowful that the time of mourning should be abridged.

Yet they could not repress a satisfaction that Poole looked once more like its former self.

The ball-room had been built by the father of the present Earl, Hildebrand, Lord Cradoc, who liked dancing and plenty of space to dance in.

It was one of the finest in England, long, broad, and lofty; and, to add to its charms, a fine conservatory had been built at each end.

From curiosity the guests came early.

All were anxious to be present at the opening of the ball.

They wanted to see the entree of the young ladies.

There was some little sensation in the room when the party from the house entered.

Any one who had thought to guess the status of the young ladies from their entrance into the room must have been sadly disappointed.

The Earl came first, leading Lady Ryeford, who looked very handsome and imposing in her rich dress—Lady Marcia was in the drawing-room, receiving her guests; then came the two girls, walking side by side, each so beautiful, so graceful, so perfectly attired, that it was impossible to say which was the more lovely.

Public admiration was quite divided.

The dark-eyed girl in the rich dress of amber and black, with pale amber roses in her dark hair and at her breast; the fair golden-haired girl in white silk and lovely drooping grasses—no one knew which to admire the more.

There was the fascination of fair loveliness, of bright smiles, about Daphne; there was the charm of queenly beauty, of graceful dignity, about Irene.

The principal guest, the Duke of Spalding opened the ball with Lady Ryeford.

The Duke and Duchess of Spalding were the great county magnates.

It was not often that they left the magnificent castle of Steinham to visit any one; but this was an exceptional event—the first ball given at Poole since the terrible blow that had fallen there—and the Duke and Duchess wished to show their entire sympathy and interest.

A rumor had reached them of the beauty of the two young girls, and of the probability that one or the other would be heiress at Poole.

There had always been great friendship between the households of Poole and Steinham, and the Duke and Duchess, having known and liked the Earl's boys, had felt grieved for his loss.

Desirous to know the truth about the girls, they eyed them with some little curiosity.

Rumor had been correct; they certainly were marvellously beautiful.

"I like the dark one best," said the Duchess to her husband.

"What is her name—Irene Ryeford? I do not like the mother—a pushing kind of woman—requires keeping in her place. The dark girl will be a magnificent woman.

"I hope, if either of them is chosen, it will be she."

"And I," said the Duke, "prefer the fair girl.

"She is so bright and graceful."

"The dark one has the more dignity," declared the Duchess.

"The fair one has more grace," rejoined the Duke.

"The question is however," said the Duchess, "which one does Lord Cradoc prefer?"

But that was exactly what no one could find out.

It was a brilliant ball, and Daphne enjoyed herself thoroughly.

She danced every dance; and, wherever she was, a little crowd of admirers surrounded her.

It was an ordeal; but she passed through it successfully.

There was no undue elation of manner, no sign of flattered vanity.

The dainty bloom on her face deepened, and her eyes shone brightly; but her manner was perfectly free from all coquetry and affectation, although she certainly enjoyed the admiration she received—enjoyed it with a girl's true appreciation of homage. Every eye followed her. The golden hair, the bright sweet face, her dainty grace, charmed the beholders.

Irene had as great a triumph in her way.

She had a large choice of partners, but she did not always dance, and there was an impression she was exclusive. She looked too, like a young queen: and even those who admired her most were in some little awe of her.

Every one saw how much the Duchess was interested in her, and public opinion vacillated.

And Daphne as was inevitable, made a conquest. Indeed she made not one but twenty.

Sir Trevor Egremont was master of Hinton Towers, which next to Poole, was perhaps the finest house in the county. He had a splendid income, and he was universally liked.

But his shy avoidance of the sex had always been a source of amusement to his friends.

At Hinton Towers there were but few women-servants, for, whenever he could set a man to do the work usually done by women, he was delighted.

His housekeeper was over fifty, and none of the domestics who had obtained a footing at the Tower were even tolerably good-looking.

Amongst men he was very popular. He kept open house; he was a capital shot, an excellent rider, a good sportsman.

And what was better he was a true friend many a one who had gone to him in distress having come away with a light heart.

But no one could ever induce him to seek the society of ladies; although, in casual converse with them, or in discussing them with friends, he was politeness itself. A Baronet, with a fine estate and a good income, the matrons of the county were all desirous of coming to his assistance.

But he would not hearken to them; he never intended to marry.

Providence would take care of his title and estate—of that he was quite sure; and he had no intention whatever of making his life miserable for the sake of his estate.

He carefully avoided country-houses where there were pretty marriageable daughters.

As for a ball he had never been to one. He came to this not to dance, but to show his respect for Lord Cradoc, and to express his sympathy with him, for he had known and loved his sons.

Many a day's shooting had they enjoyed on his estate; out of many a scrape had he helped them.

There was no one whom the young Lord Hyde and his brother had loved better than Sir Trevor.

He had passed unscathed through many London seasons.

He was as well-proved steel against bright eyes and bewitching smiles; but, for all that, succumbed at the first sight of Daphne's lovely, charming, piquant face.

He had been, as he thought, very successful in avoiding those whom he regarded as his natural enemies.

He had shaken hands with kindly Lady Marcia, whom he had always liked, because she had neither daughter nor cousins, nor cared to introduce him to any young ladies.

She let him go his own way, and made no comment for which he was grateful.

They had talked for a few minutes about "the boys," the subject that was always uppermost in Lady Marcia's heart. Then he was introduced to Lady Ryelord, from whom he fled in dismay.

He knew the style of lady she was exactly.

He looked at Irene with simple-hearted wonder at her queenly beauty, and passed on, unconscious of his doom.

He met the Earl, who greeted him with outstretched hand, with warm words of welcome.

He was conscious of a dazzling apparition at the Earl's side.

He saw resting on the Earl's arm a beautiful tapering snow-white hand. Then, before he had time to beat a retreat, the Earl turned suddenly.

"Miss Erlecote, let me introduce Sir Trevor Egremont to you."

He glanced at the beautiful face, and all was over.

The careless indifference of years was a thing of the past.

Dismay, confusion, wonder, delight, struggled for mastery in Sir Trevor's mind.

Bachelor and confirmed woman-hater, he was suddenly introduced to a young and beautiful girl, without the slightest warning, without time to reflect.

He looked for an instant into the depths of two laughing blue eyes, and life was all changed to him.

He bowed as the lovely young face smiled at him, and then gazed in utter bewilderment at the Earl.

Lord Cradoc had forgotten Sir Trevor's peculiarity if indeed it had ever come under his notice.

He remembered him only as the warm, true friend of his boys.

The fact of his having been so was uppermost in his mind now.

The gay ball-room faded from his sight; he saw his boys riding hard across the moors, with Sir Trevor urging them on.

"I have not seen you since—since it happened," he said.

"No," replied Sir Trevor.

"Ah, it was one of those things difficult to realize!"

The Earl turned to the girl who leaned on his arm.

"Do you not see a great resemblance between Miss Erlecote and Alaric?"

What a situation for a man who had avoided the faces of fair women as though they were fatal to him!

He was asked not only to look at this face but to pronounce judgment upon it. As though the first glance into those laughing eyes had not been enough! Still it must be done.

He summoned all his courage. He had leaped many a brook which had baffled other men.

He had jumped many a hedge from which his comrades had flinched. It was only looking into a smiling woman's fair face, nothing more.

Yet this girl, who knew nothing of him, whose laughing blue eyes had glanced carelessly at him, had avenged her sex.

Never more would Sir Trevor Egremont troll out his cheery songs in praise of "single blessedness."

Never more would he, as a free and light-hearted bachelor, ride to hounds without a care.

Never more would he boast that he had chosen the safest path, and that he should never be tormented by women or love.

Never more would he cry out that freedom was worth all else.

A single glance from those blue eyes had done the mischief.

"Sir Trevor, will you take charge of Miss Erlecote for me?

"I must see Sir Phineas Lumley," hastily exclaimed the Earl, catching sight of a friend at the other end of the ball-room to whom he wished to speak.

The Baronet's heart beat violently, his head swam, his stalwart limbs trembled. A voice clear and sweet fell upon his ear, though the spoken words were to him as in an unknown tongue.

Then the fair white hand was lying upon his arm.

"The room is very warm, and I was going with Lord Cradoc in search of an ice," said Daphne. "Perhaps you will find one for me."

"This is perfectly awful," thought Sir Trevor.

"What shall I do?"

Two or three of his intimate friends passed him by with a smile—a smile that meant much to him.

"I think I am equal to that," he replied.

"Equal to what?" laughed Daphne. "Do you mean finding an ice? You have not to go to the North Pole for it."

"Is she laughing at me?" thought Sir Trevor; and the idea made him wince.

"What did you mean"—and Daphne laughed again—"by being equal to finding an ice?

"A man may be equal to leading a forlorn hope; but it requires no great amount of courage to go in search of an ice."

"Ah," said Sir Trevor, with a deep dismal sigh and a grave shake of the head, "you do not know all!"

"This is my first ball," she said. "I am not likely to know much."

He looked at her with eager delight.

"I may almost say that this is my first ball.

"I have never danced in my life."

"Never danced!" cried Daphne. "Then why are you here?"

"Because," he replied, in blunt honest fashion that won her liking, "I love the Earl, and loved the boys.

"This is the first time Poole has been thrown open since they died, and I came to show my interest and sympathy."

"That is kind," said Daphne. "How every one who knew them seems to have loved Lord Cradoc's sons!"

"They were the finest youths in the whole country round.

"The sea never drowned better—and gallant men have found their graves in the deep waters.

"There was a splendid daring about them. It was a treat to see either of them take a fence or jump a ditch, for they knew no fear.

"And they loved each other so well. The tears came to my eyes when I read how they went to their death each with his arm round the other's neck.

"I have seen them standing in that attitude scores of times."

"I like to hear about them," said Daphne. "Never mind the dancing. And I do not really care about the ice.

"Let us sit here, near these tall ferns, for a few minutes, and you shall tell me about them."

So he talked for half an hour or more, forgetting himself and his absurd self-consciousness while dilating on a subject on which he could be really eloquent.

If Daphne had talked to him on ordinary ball-room topics, he would have been nervous, scared, self-conscious; but they both, in their earnest fashion, forgot that they were in a ball-room.

Sir Trevor could have fancied he was

looking into the face of an angel whose heart was filled with pity for the boys.

He told her a score of anecdotes of them, of their generosity, their daring, their truth.

She raised her beautiful blue eyes to his, full of tears.

"How sad they should have died!" she said.

"What a sweet creature she is," thought Sir Trevor—"how loving, how kind!"

He forgot his restraint. How perfectly charming she is!

She talked to him as though she had known him for years.

And then the bright face was so like Alaric's!

How often the young heir had sat and talked to him with just such an expression in his eyes!

People passed and re-passed them.

Daphne heeded not; Sir Trevor did not care.

Even her Grace of Spalding smiled at the unusual sight.

"Sir Trevor has found his eyesight at last," she said to Lady Marcia.

Nothing was farther from Daphne's thoughts than making a conquest.

At first she had been greatly amused by Sir Trevor, he was so unlike the other men in the room.

He was abrupt; he spoke his thoughts so plainly; and his inimitable answer, "I think I am equal to that," had amused her.

She was pleased too with his loving remembrance of the boys and his esteem for the Earl.

Daphne thoroughly enjoyed that half-hour.

She never dreamed that it would affect his whole life.

"I wish," he said—"and it is for the first time in my life that I utter such a wish—that I knew how to dance."

"Why?" asked Daphne, who was much amused with this frank outspoken bachelor.

"Because then I could dance with you," he replied, glancing admiringly at the girlish graceful figure.

"I should imagine you dance like a fairy," he continued; "light footsteps always go with a light heart."

"My heart is light enough," said Daphne. "Yet I have one or two shadows in my life."

"I wish you would tell me what they are," he returned.

"I am quite willing," said Daphne.

"They are not real troubles, such as some people have; but at home, where my father lives, we have some passing clouds; and here at Poole I am always grieved about the Earl's boys.

"How sad it seems that two young gallant lives should be taken, and many that seem so useless left!

"I can see that they are always in the Earl's thoughts."

"Ah, they were handsome!" said Sir Trevor.

While fair bright Daphne and the handsome simple-hearted Baronet were thus conversing, the Earl himself had quitted the ball-room.

Within all was splendor, magnificence, festivity; without, the white-haired old man paced wearily up and down his favorite walk, bemoaning the bonny lads he should never see again.

When the entertainment—which was in every way a great success—was over, few, if any, had decided which of the two beautiful gifted girls they would like to see mistress of Poole.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CATS AND HERETICS.—It occasionally happens that the name of an animal, in itself of unknown derivation, stands as the root of some other word, and thereby throws a curious light on the mental state or those who framed the derivative. The German word *katze*, a cat, affords a good case in point. This humble word has baffled even Grimm himself, but the word *ketzer* (*katzer*) for a heretic is admitted to be a derivative from it. How came this about? The answer is tolerably clear. That a witch and a black cat were not merely invariably associated together but very often regarded as one and the same natural phenomenon by that process of instantaneous conversation which has already been shown to be the keynote of all mythology, is known to all who have waded never so little amid the melancholy annals of the arts of sorcery. Thus in parts of France peculiar dread still attaches to all cats seen on the roofs of houses in February, from the belief that they are not really cats, but witches, whom it is therefore desirable to shoot. But it is perhaps less well known how intimate was the original connection in men's minds between witchcraft and heresy. In popular German imagination, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, and even the Templar knights were credited with worshiping a large black cat, and this association of ideas resulted in the word *katzer* or *ketzer* for a heretic. Therefore, it was once the custom in France every St. John's day, with hymns and anthems to throw twenty-four live cats into a large fire, kindled by the bishops and clergy in the public square.

X is alluding to an acquaintance in terms the very reverse of complimentary. "Curious to hear you saying that of him!" remarks a friend; "I thought you were under obligations to him?" "Who? I? Oh, no; not at all. You see, he lent me some money once, but the next time I wanted to borrow of him he refused, merely because I hadn't returned the first, and so that made it even."

How Æsthetic.

BY PERCY VERE.

"I WISH I could study art!" said Letty Gore.

How or when she had crept into the studio no one knew.

But there she was, her golden hair and radiant complexion relieved against the dull Venetian red of the draperies, her apron full of wild blue asters and oddly-colored autumn leaves, her scarlet shawl trailing picturesquely on the floor.

Uncle Gaston patted her kindly on the head.

"We don't expect high art of little girls," said he.

"Stick to your puddings and lemon meringues, and keep the family stockings mended, and you do very well."

While Felix Fontaine took no sort of notice of her, but kept on displaying the old banners and hangings of Eastern handicraft which he had just bought at the great sale in London.

The odd little Greek lamps, with their hanging silver chains, were lighted, the red curtains were drawn across the skylight, and the fire glowed like a dull ruby in the deep tile-lined fireplace, while the stands and easels each displayed their treasure of foreign works.

"There!" said Felix, to his uncle, with an air of scarcely repressed triumph, "that is something quite unique. I don't suppose it could be duplicated here or anywhere else!"

Uncle Gaston put up his double eyeglasses, and stared ecstatically at the limp, crinkly old piece of Eastern fabric, embroidered in dirty silks, with tarnished gold threads glimmering here and there.

"Beautiful!" he cried.

"Exquisite!

"A real gem, my dear boy!"

"I think it's dreadfully ugly!" parenthetically interposed Letty, her golden head peering under uncle Gaston's arm.

"I could embroider better than that, I'm quite sure."

Felix turned around with an air of mild tolerance.

"My dear little girl," said he, "what nonsense you are talking.

"Really, one would think you were six, instead of sixteen."

"I was seventeen last week," said Letty indignantly.

"And if you don't believe I know anything about art, you may come and see my studio."

"Your studio?" echoed Felix.

"What is the child talking of?" said uncle Gaston.

"She means the place where she keeps her dolls and picture books," said Felix indulgently.

"No I don't, either," cried Letty, turning scarlet at this fresh indignity.

"I mean my studio, where I paint and sketch, and do art needlework."

"Very well," said Felix.

"We'll take a look at your pretty things some day."

"I don't doubt they are very nice," added uncle Gaston, with a patronizing kindness that was gall and wormwood to poor Letty.

She flung the blue asters and colored leaves indignantly on the floor, and hurried from the room with blazing cheeks.

"I won't be treated like a child!" cried Letty, angrily addressing a simpering family portrait, whose big eyes seemed to watch her in the dancing flames of the dining-room fire. "I, who am seventeen years old!"

And she cried softly on the hearthrug, until the first hot fever had burned out of her cheeks.

While uncle Gaston, turning wistfully to Felix, said—

"She grows very pretty, Felix. "Don't you think so?"

"Very!" Felix answered, in an abstracted way, as he pulled out the wrinkled corner of a piece of painted crape.

"She'll make a splendid woman one of these days," added the old gentleman.

"Oh, no doubt!" said Felix, stepping back a pace or two, to study the general effect.

"And it would be such a relief to me if you could like her well enough to marry her."

Felix turned short around.

"My dear uncle, are you crazy?" he demanded.

"Me marry Letty Gore? Do I look like a marrying man?

"Is she the sort of person I should be likely to fancy, even if the midsummer madness took possession of me?"

The door which led into the dark passage communicating with the dining-room was partially open—and Letty Gore, still crouching under the big-eyed ancestress' portrait had heard every word.

She sat there some time longer, and then got up and went quietly upstairs to her own heard every word.

Uncle Gaston was disappointed too.

It had always been his pet idea to make up a match between Lettice, his niece, and Felix, his nephew, these two adopted children who were yet no relation at all to each other, and now it has proved a failure.

Well, uncle Gaston was used to disappointments.

It was lucky that he had not mentioned it to Letty.

But after this, Letty seemed different.

The childish abandon was gone out of her manner.

She was graceful, cordial, soft-spoken—all that a lady should be; but she was no longer a child.

Felix looked at his cousin with occasional outbursts of wonder.

What a princess the little thing was growing to be.

They had company to dinner one day—a poet, a learned professor, two or three polished *savants*—and Felix was surprised at the graceful self possession, the general readiness of information, which Letty displayed.

"Where has she picked up all this?" he asked himself.

And then, a few weeks afterwards, a gust of blind, ungovernable jealousy came over him, when Colonel Marquand, their nearest neighbor, asked Letty's hand in marriage.

"What business has he, a man of forty, to aspire to a sweet human rosebud like our Letty?" he demanded hotly.

"Gently, my lad—gently," said uncle Gaston.

"There is no occasion to be vexed—the girl has refused him.

"And Marquand is a fine gentleman, whose love would be an honor to any woman."

"It's strange she never spoke of it to me," said Felix restlessly.

"But her manner has changed to me of late.

"She used to be a little playmate.

"She's a queen now, wearing an invisible crown."

Things were at this juncture when Mr. Felix Fontaine made a notable addition to his collection of art works—a superb maroon satin hanging scroll, wrought in gold thread, with a landscape of flying storks, tall reeds and limpid waters, skilfully simulated in shaded Japanese silks.

"Isn't it a gem!" said he.

"Very pretty," Letty answered with a yawn.

Felix looked a little disappointed at her lack of interest.

"I had it from Kenneth Romayne," said he.

"I gave him my Sevres vase and some of that old Jerusalem tapestry for it.

"Of course they were very choice, but this was such a particularly fine specimen of the modern Japanese school that—why, Letty, why are you laughing? What have I said to amuse you?"

"I was only thinking," said Letty, "how very easy it is to fool an antiquary!

"Here you are raving over a piece of needlework which I embroidered."

"You?" cried Felix.

"Yes, I.

"It was last spring, when I was staying with Cecelia Romayne.

"The genuine piece of Japanese work had accidentally been gnawed by a rat and badly discolored during Kenneth's absence from home.

"Cecelia was in despair, but I told her to match the satin and material as nearly as possible and I would duplicate it.

"So I did.

"And the genuine, tattered article is in the bottom of Cecelia's chiffonier drawer at this moment."

"Letty," cried her cousin, "you are a little enchantress!

"Will you allow me, now, to see your studio?"

"If you care to look at it," said the girl, indifferently.

He followed her upstairs, feeling vaguely as if he were about to gain entrance to some spellbound domain.

And it was enchanted indeed!

"Letty," he exclaimed, looking about him, "are all these yours.

"These exquisite water-colors, this needlework that seems actually to stare from the very surface, these strong, vivid sketches?"

"Mine," she answered proudly, "all mine.

"But they are all that I have.

"As for sympathy, encouragement, I need look for none of that."

She spoke with a little, hard laugh, but at the same time there was a quiver in her voice.

"Letty, you are a genius!" fervently cried Felix.

"There are other things in this world better worth having than genius," said she sadly.

"You embolden me," he exclaimed, "to speak out what is in my heart—to ask you, Letty, dearest, to return some portion of that deep, tender, all-engrossing love which I have learned to feel for you."

"Is it possible," said Letty, with a curl of her lip, "that you can care more for me than for bronzes or Egyptian coins?"

"Now you are cruel, Letty," he said reproachfully.

"I cruel!

"And to you?"

How it was he never exactly knew, but all of an instant she was sobbing on his shoulder, and it was all settled.

Old uncle Gaston was delighted.

It had always, as we know, been the darling wish of his heart that they two should be united.

"And my little rosebud has blossomed into such a perfect rose at last!" he said, rubbing his hands.

While in the very front rank of his collections, Mr. Felix Fontaine keep that maroon satin scroll, where the gold-thread clouds throw their silver tides into such strong relief.

But no one shares the secret with himself, Letty his wife, and Miss Cecelia Romayne.

"For Kenneth would never forgive me if he knew," says the latter.

A MAN at Peabody, Mass., eighty-four years old, has just married his third wife.

Bric-a-Brac.

WITHOUT FOOD.—Birds sustain the want of food from five to eight days. A seal lived out of water, without nourishment, for four weeks. Dogs live without food from twenty-five to thirty-six days.

DIVING PIGS.—A correspondent in British Columbia writes: "Pigs upon the clear-water rivers learn to dive after the salmon lying dead on the bottom of the streams, and the interesting sight may be witnessed of a sow diving for a salmon, and, having obtained it, taking it ashore for her little ones."

HOW TO SPELL "POTATO."—A San Francisco professor spells potato as follows: "Ghoughyhtheighteau," and declares it to be correct according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you will find from the last letters in hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisis. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. Tte stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as beau." He can go to the head.

AN INSECT LANDSCAPE.—At the "Palais d'Industrie," in Paris, there is a landscape made of insects. The foreground of the picture is composed of 45,000 "coleoptera," the remainder of the landscape being formed of over 4,000 varieties of insects. All colors and shadings required to represent grass, shrubs, and flowers are furnished by natural specimens. The artist gathered his material from all parts of the world, and was occupied in the work about four years.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Munster, Bishop of Copenhagen, was noted for his absence of mind, an infirmity which increased as he advanced in years. He was accustomed, whenever his duties summoned him from home, to hang a placard on his door announcing, for the benefit of any chance visitor, that he would return at a certain hour. One day, being obliged to attend to some important business in the town, he affixed the usual notice, and, his errand accomplished, came home and ascended the stairs leading to his modest apartment. On arriving opposite his door he glanced mechanically at the placard, and entirely unconscious of his own identity, concluded that he was too early, and waited outside until the clock struck, when he suddenly recollected who and where he was and let himself in.

BEES.—No insects have been so favored in the mythology both of northern and southern nations as bees. They were called the Muses' birds; the priestesses of Ceres were named after them, in India, Camdeo's sugar-cane bow was strung with them; in Egypt, they were the hieroglyphical representation of royalty; Finland held them sacred; Wales reverenced them equally. Like the butterfly, they were supposed to be in some mysterious manner connected with the soul, and ranked in the system of creation, according to the ancients, next to man. In Brittany, where bees are especially beloved, it is believed that although they were sent to earth after the fall of man, yet that the blessing of heaven has ever followed them in their exile. This is the reason why the wax they produce has the privilege of lighting the altars for the divine office.

AT THE SAME TIME.—Two persons were born at the same place, at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same instant—yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious—but, with a little reflection, a very obvious—point in circumnavigation. A person going round the world towards the west loses a day, and towards the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons are born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly towards the west in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sailed equally towards the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

TRIAL OF MEMORY.—Memory was a favorite subject with the actor, Macklin. He asserted that by his system, he could learn anything by rote at once hearing it. This was enough for the author Foote, who, at the close of the lecture (Macklin was lecturing at the Great Piazza Room, now the Tavistock Hotel), handed up the following sentences to Macklin, desiring that he would be good enough to read them, and afterwards repeat them from memory. Here is the wondrous nonsense: 'So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and, at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop. "What! no soap?" So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pleninnies and the Joblillies, and the Garyulles and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.' The laugh turned strong against old Macklin; and the laugh has been echoed from the Great Piazza Room by thousands during the century that has elapsed since Foote's drollery put out Macklin's monstrous memory with these straws of ridicule.

HAPPY SECRETS.

BY J. H.

Walking through the meadows fair,
  Light I murmured, glad and gay—
"Nodding blossoms, rich and rare,
  I've a happy heart to-day!
Birdie, on the maple bough,
  How you warble with delight!
If you guessed my secret now,
  How you'd trill till fall of night!

"Saucy clover, how you swing
  In your waltzes with the breeze!
In the dusk, while crickets sing,
  Underneath these waving trees,
Some one (you can never guess)
  Walks and whispers love to me,
Thrilling me with fond caress,
  While you sleep on lazily.

"Busy bee, you haste along
  To your labors all the day,
Just as though no happy song
  Warbles through my heart alway.
Ah, you need not loiter now,
  For my secret you'll not hear.
Haste away to your bright bough,
  For your honey, sweet and clear!"

Then, in wonder and dismay,
  Lo! I listened, cheeks aflame,
Far and near a joyous lay
  Echoed with my darling's name.
Every bird, and bee, and flower
  Flung my secret on the air,
Then I sought my chamber-bower,
  Hiding all my blushes there.

Sowing and Reaping.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME." ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

HIS face was very pale—emotionless, but for the steely glitter of the dark-lashed eyes; and, though he was walking with languid slowness and a slight stoop as he approached us, he stood erect in the old soldier-fashion as he touched Paul Jolliffe's shoulder.

"Since when, Mr. Jolliffe, has it been the fashion to make a lady's charity the pretext for cowardly insult?"

The tone was stingingly disdainful.

I hardly recognised the deep rich voice that had ever been so gentle to me.

Paul started, and broke into a scornful laugh.

"It is well to hear the woman-murderer teaching courtesy to women!" he cried mockingly.

"For shame, Paul!" I said terrified and indignant, and anxious at all cost to end the scene.

"Mr. O'Hara, will you take me back home?"

I slipped my hand within his arm in my eagerness to draw him away.

Ah me, how fiercely his heart beat against my clinging fingers! I looked up at him with imploring agony in my eyes, and thought I saw yielding in the white stern face.

"Stay, Rita." Paul's mocking voice broke the spell.

"Do not let your anxiety for your lover's safety carry you too far.

"You forget that he has a wife already."

He must have been mad, beside himself with rage and jealousy, or he would never have insulted me thus.

I did not answer him.

I tried to look as though I did not hear; but, in spite of myself, I loosed my hold of Martin O'Hara's arm, and turned my shamed face away.

Was it true?

Was this man whom I knew, whom I always had known to be married, not indeed my lover, for he had never spoken one tender word to me, but in very truth the man I loved?

If so, I had been bitterly punished for my pity and Quixotic championship.

A hand touched me gently, reverentially almost, and drew me back to the old place, as Martin O'Hara said, with measured calmness—

"The statement is as false as insolent. I have no wife!"

My heart almost ceased beating; I looked up with dumb lips and questioning eyes.

Mr. O'Hara's face was inscrutable.

Paul laughed incredulously.

"No?

"Have you killed her too?"

I felt a quick sharp thrill run like an electric shock through the wasted frame, saw one quick flash from the bright eyes, and then, with a quick movement, I flung myself between the two men, almost upon Martin O'Hara's breast, forgetful of everything but my late patient's weakness and Paul Jolliffe's young strength, and that there was danger of a collision between them.

"No, no," I cried wildly and passionately, "you must not! You will kill me; it is too horrible!"

And then I felt giddy; and, though I did not faint, my head fell back upon Martin O'Hara's shoulder, and for a minute rested there.

We must have made a strange picture in the fading daylight of that wintry scene, with the leafless hedges and tall skeleton trees shutting us in on one side, and the damp thinly-covered hillside sloping to the river on the other, the two men glared fiercely into each other's eyes, and I most miserably placed between them.

When at last I raised my head, we were alone in the chill gray scene.

Paul was half way across the field.

I looked after him with dim and sorrowful eyes, for as friends we could never meet again. One by one the pleasant illusions of life dropped from me.

I was young, rich, pretty, what the world would call an enviable person: but next day we would go up to town, and in three days from that my father would be married.

What wonder that my thoughts were dark and cheerless as the January day?

"Do not quarrel with me, Miss Tempest."

I started at the pleading sound; prosaic as the words were, there was a passionate prayer in the deep troubled voice.

"I had no thought of blaming you, Mr. O'Hara.

"I ought to ask your pardon."

"For what?"

"For bringing into the darkest life Heaven ever gave to man some ray of sunshine, for teaching me, who had grown to doubt all women, how brave and loyal and tender a true woman can be?

"Is it for that you ask my pardon, Rita?"

I do not think he knew that he called me by my name, and I—I hurried on fast and ever faster, and was thankful to the kindly dusk that veiled my tell-tale face even from those piercing eyes.

I dared not—I must not be happy. There were tears in my eyes; and yet——

"Rita, one moment."

I paused at the old stile, looking not at him, but down at the damp herbage at my feet.

I could not disobey that imperative mandate, and yet I had a wild desire to fly.

"You leave this place to-morrow?"

"Yes; perhaps you know the errand I go upon," I answered, with a frantically feeble attempt at easy gaiety of manner; then added more naturally, as I noticed the transparent pallor of the face that was bent to mine—"You are looking very ill, Mr. O'Hara.

"Aunt Pris would not say her patient had improved since he left her care."

"Wychfield Court is not so pleasant as Glen Archdale, nor is old Bienkinsopp so good a nurse as your aunt.

"But let that pass; I am as well as I desire to be, and better than I deserve," he said.

"Is that the thanksgiving you promised?" I asked gravely; and the hard reckless smile died on his lips.

"No; nor is it what I meant to say.

"Rita, after to-night I may never see you again, or—or, my darling, I may return to ask the priceless treasure of your love.

"I do not ask it now, Rita; I would not have spoken of this until I could speak freely, but for what has been to-night.

"That man called me your lover; and, even on an enemy's lips, even mingled with hatred and slander, it was sweet to have my name so linked with yours.

"Your lover I am, though I may never ask your love; and your lover I shall be while one thought or wish remains with me."

I was as powerless to stay the impetuous current of his speech as I would have been to turn the river that flowed swiftly onward through the valley at our feet.

As he paused however, I found courage and breath to put the doubt I felt into one breathless question.

"Your wife then? Is she dead?

"Rita, as Heaven is my witness, I spoke the truth just now!

"I have no wife—I never had."

Recalling all that I had heard, all that I know, I could only stare at him in a blank bewildered fashion.

"Trust me a little longer, Rita, that is all I ask of you; and, brave and generous as you are, you will at least grant that?"

Yes, I would trust him.

I had trusted him instinctively from the first.

Was I likely to fail him now, when my heart, almost my life, it seemed, had gone into his keeping?

In silence I held out my hand, which he as silently took.

It was a strange and sad betrothal.

We bound ourselves by no vow, and on my side no word of love was spoken; but, when we parted, I felt that I was his; and, little brightness as there was in my present, little hope as there was in the dim future, this knowledge lighted within the darkness of my life the lamp of an imperishable joy.

The following day we started upon our journey—a sorrowful little party enough; for, though my aunts did their best to raise my spirits, their own were not particularly good; and of the one perplexed pain that haunted me they of course knew nothing.

At one of the junctions, aunt Pris, who was, like most busy people, a particularly restless and uncomfortable fellow-traveler, put her head out of the window and drew it in again with an expression of very considerable surprise.

"Who do you think is in the train with us, Pat?

"Martin O'Hara, looking like a ghost. I tried to catch his eye, but could not. You try, Rita."

But I drew back so decidedly, that even my energetic aunt gave up the point.

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped now," she said reluctantly; "but I cannot bear that the poor fellow should think that we wanted to shun him.

"I shall hunt him up at the terminus, for he goes on to London, I suppose."

Which I supposed also; but, though Miss Archdale kept her brother-in-law in impatient attendance while she thoroughly explored the station, no Martin O'Hara was to be found.

"I believe he avoided us on purpose," she said grumblingly; and in my heart I endorsed the vexed ex-nurse's opinion.

But, if it were so, what had brought him to town?

CHAPTER VIII.

WE reached London too late call upon Miss Meredith; but on the next day we hastened to pay our respects to my step-mother that was to be.

She was staying with her late employer, from whose house the wedding was to take place, for Lady St. Gervayse, who politely snubbed her children's governess, had developed a wonderfully generous affection for the bride elect of the rich and fashionable doctor.

Clare was graciousness itself to the two elder women, and all playful half patronizing affection to me—inviting me to an inspection of her wardrobe which I could not in common courtesy decline, but from which I recoiled with extreme reluctance.

However, reluctance notwithstanding, I mounted the stairs under her guidance, and was presently surrounded by a millinery chaos through which I found it difficult to pick my way.

My aunts had driven off upon a shopping expedition and were not to call for me for another hour.

As I must then spend sixty minutes in Clare Meredith's society, I was thankful for the existence of the costly robes that would at least give us something to discuss on which we might possibly agree.

"Enough of millinery," Clare said presently, with soft-voiced abruptness.

"I am tired of the subject.

"Rita, are we to be friends?"

It was a challenge as much as a question.

The deep clear eyes looked straight and full into mine.

What could I say?

There was no friendship in my heart—there was nothing but repugnance to this interloper; but I thought of aunt Pat's sermon, I thought of my father's future peace, and I said lamely and coldly—

"I hope so, for my father's sake."

She did not notice the irresistible qualification, but took my hands in both her own, and, stooping, kissed me.

"Then tell me something about yourself—how have you been living lately?"

"Very quietly," I answered, with a strong suggestion of rebuke in the words for it struck me as measureless impudence on Clare's part to question me as to the runaway visit of which she was the direct cause.

"Teaching in parish schools, riding, singing, skating, flirting with Paul Jolliffe—was that the programme, Rita?"

"No," I cried indignantly, "I shall never do that again, and you know it.

"If there were no other man in the world, I would never marry Paul Jolliffe."

"But there is another for you?

"Rita, it is not, it cannot be true—this that Paul tells me of Martin O'Hara!"

I sprang indignantly to my feet.

"And what do you know of Mr. O'Hara? What right have you to discuss my actions with Paul Jolliffe?"

"Of Martin O'Hara I know"—she paused, with a sharply indrawn breath—"what all the world knows, and more.

"He is a bad and cruel man—more than that, he is a madman!"

"He is as sane as you or I," I said scornfully.

"Whatever cloud fell upon his mind at the time of his cruel trial is dispersed since this last accident.

"His memory is as good as ever."

"Ah!"—the sharp sound was less a sigh than a stifled scream; the face confronting me was whiter than the white bridal dress, and stamped with an unearthly horror.

My beautiful step-mother was beautiful no longer, but ghastly, weird, and odd-looking.

"It is not true; you are saying this for your own purpose; you are in love with him."

I did not answer her; there were insults that even from my father's wife I was not bound to take with patience.

And yet I would not quarrel, though I had to bite my lip hard to keep in the bitter words.

I turned to the present-strewn table, and, taking up a book as an excuse for silence, overturned a small work-basket and scattered its miscellaneous contents over the floor.

With an apologetic murmur, I stooped to repair the damage I had done.

Clare pushed me almost rudely aside; but, quick as her movements were, I saw with an absolute thrill of surprise that which she sedulously endeavored to conceal from me—an unmistakable presentment of Martin O'Hara's noble head.

And she saw that I had seen it.

She clutched the card-picture with unconscious fierceness; and for fully a minute we stood mutely regarding each other, sullen defiance in her eyes and growing terror in mine.

What was there between my father's future wife and the man who had come so strangely and sadly into my life?

"You do know more of Martin O'Hara than you say.

"What is it?"

"I know enough to warn you against him.

"He was my sister's husband!"

I hardly knew my own voice in its strained harshness of suspicion.

I hardly knew hers in its sharp defiant ring.

She threw back her head with the last words, and confronted me like some savage creature brought to bay.

"You know something of his life, enough to have made any other girl shun and hate the man whom all around shunned and hated.

"Shall I tell you something more, Rita—tell you that his wife, my sister, still lives?"

"He has no wife," I said, mechanically repeating the words he uttered in the Wychfield meadow.

She heard them with a wild, strained laugh.

"I swear to you that Blanche O'Hara still lives.

"Rita, for your own sake, believe me, and promise not to speak to Martin O'Hara again.

"He has broken one woman's heart, ruined one woman's life—do not let him break and ruin yours."

She sank down beside me, almost kneeling in the intense earnestness of her pleading.

At any other time the agony of the lovely tearless eyes would have touched and moved me; but I was stone to her—indeed my heart might have been turned to stone, it felt so cold and heavy.

"Rita"—she threw one arm around my rigid figure—"do this, and we shall be so happy together; your father shall be happier than he has ever been yet, and I will not stand between you, but draw you closer together.

"Only promise that you will not bring this shadow on our home."

I drew stiffly back from her embrace.

I answered coldly that I could promise nothing, and certainly would not, at her bidding, relinquish a dear friend.

Then all the softness faded from her face, and was succeeded by a tiger-like fury that fairly subdued and frightened me.

"A friend!" she echoed, with fierce sarcasm.

"Since it is war between us, Rita Tempest, be sure I will not fight with blunted weapons.

"When I am your father's wife, this undesirable friend, this impossible lover, shall at least be forbidden your father's house."

"'When'!" I said passionately, stung out of my sullen calm by this last cruel thrust. "But thank Heaven, you are not yet!"

"In three days I shall be."

"Heaven is good," I said almost involuntarily; "and in three days much may happen."

There was little comfort to me in the words, for what could possibly happen to hinder that which was all but an accomplished fact?

But meaning and menace both they seemed to hold for her.

She pressed one hand to her side, and looked at me with sharp suspicion.

"Forgive me, Rita.

"I did not think you would take my words so seriously.

"I only meant to prove the depth of your interest in my poor sister's husband."

I did not touch the hand she offered, I only bowed coldly; and I was immeasurably thankful when Miss Meredith's maid appeared with the announcement that my aunts had called.

Clare was a wonderful actress; I envied her skill even while I scorned her treachery as she, who had undergone an agony of contending passions since we ascended those stairs together, descended them now beside me, her smiling fair self.

I glanced momentarily in the great mirror that hung on one side of the broad staircase, and saw that my face was tell-tale in its passionate pallor, that my brow was sullen, that my eyes and lips were angrily scornful still, while her face was calm and still and sweet, as though no cloud had touched its soft and mellow beauty.

As I saw it then, Clare Meredith's face will haunt my fancy to my dying day, a dream of faultless beauty, though then it found no favor in my sight.

"Only think, Rita!" aunt Pris began as soon as I had taken my seat in the carriage. "We have actually been lucky enough to come across Mr. O'Hara."

"He is only passing through town, Rita," added aunt Pat.

"And so, as your papa wished to him, we persuaded him to call, you see," she went on, with a look of cunning simplicity with which she usually propounded her schemes for smoothing rough places and making others happy.

"It would not do to let him go without thanking Sir Hercules, who really was the first to help him."

I only nodded in reply, feeling quite unequal to speech.

Martin came about five o'clock and for a little while chatted quietly with us over our unintoxicating cups.

There was an indefinable change in his look and manner.

He was quieter, less wild looking, and yet his eyes were strangely sad.

I wondered vaguely that could have happened in the two days since we met, but asked no questions, and did my best not to look them.

We fully expected my father to appear the pleasant dawdling meal was over, but he did not.

And at length our visitor prepared to go.

My aunts were greatly disappointed, and I—somehow I felt that, with or without excuse, I must tell Martin my news.

"One moment, Mr. O'Hara," I said hurriedly.

"There is a book I must show you.

"Will you come with me to the library?"

I think my aunts believed me crazy, and mentally debated the propriety of negativing my proposition.

I read surprise in Martin's eyes.

But he only bowed gravely and followed me across the hall.

The moment the great baize-clad door swung to behind us, I began—if I paused, I knew my courage would fail me.

"Mr. O'Hara, you will not misunderstand me if I speak of your wife?"

He grew a shade paler, and raised his hand in a deprecatory gesture.

"Do not, Rita; she is dead, and all memory of her sins may well die with her."

I was silenced by the pain and trouble of the tone, more than by the words, and stood staring into the fire, while he rested his elbows on the chimney-piece and shaded his face with his hands.

"Rita"—he broke the awkward silence abruptly, not looking up, not turning round to me.

"In your eyes at least I must clear myself, to you I may speak of the shame and sorrow that have lain so long and heavily upon me.

"I told you the other day I had no wife, though the woman who bore my name and cursed my life was living still.

"To-day I can say it in a fuller sense.

"You have heard the story of my later life, Rita?"

"Yes; aunt Patience told me.'

"And even on those gentle and charitable lips the story was a black one.

"She shared the popular horror of the man whose madness only saved him from the gallows.

"Was it not so, Rita?"

My silence was an all-sufficient answer.

I might have said that she prayed for and pitied, I could not deny that she condemned him.

"I knew it," he said, with the quiet calmness of assured conviction.

"Only one person, one girl, brave in her innocent ignorance, was generous enough to trust me through all.

"And to that girl—to you, Rita, the story of my exculpation shall be told.

"My wife, as I thought her, was the youngest of three sisters, all beautiful."

"Was her name Meredith?" I interrupted eagerly.

"No—Merton," he said, with a surprised look—Rose, Blanche, and Clare Merton. They were ladies by birth.

"Their father's death left them penniless and circumstances led them to adopt the stage as a profession.

"When I first saw Blanche, I knew her to be the most beautiful woman I had ever looked upon, and I bowed down in passionate adoration before her.

"It was a mad unreasoning passion, Rita, the love that was my doom.

"I struggled hard to fight it down.

"But all in vain.

"The spell cast upon me by a woman's beauty was one I could not break, and, in little more than a month after our first meeting, Blanche Merton was my promised wife.

"Rose, the eldest of the Merton girls, was singing in Edinburgh at the time of which I speak, and Clare, the second, kept house for sister Blanche.

"She too was nominally an actress, but she was the least clever and least beautiful of the three, and very rarely appeared upon the stage."

Martin paused a moment to collect his thoughts, or gather courage for the painful story to come.

I stood staring at the motionless figure outlined against the fire-light, and wondering dreamily what that beauty must have been beside which Clare Meredith's seemed faint and poor.

"One thing," he went on, "in the small household perplexed me sorely, and that was the presence of a child!

I came in unexpectedly, one afternoon, and found the two girls seated before the fire, and a little white-frocked intruder lying calmly sleeping in Clare's lap.

"They started up like guilty creatures, and the wild terror in Blanche's eyes pierced my heart like a sword-thrust.

"Though her look had been the wilder, and her face had taken the more ghastly pallor, she was the first to recover her self-possession and came forward to meet me.

"Welcome, Martin," she said, smiling sweetly.

"Take the child away, Clare.

"Men don't like babies about!"

"Clare was about to obey, but without passing me she could not reach the door, and I resolutely kept my place.

"Whose is that child," I said sternly; "and why has it been kept in the background until now?"

"Clare's eyes roamed wildly round the room, and she trembled so that she could hardly hold the baby.

"Blanche's eyes met mine in a haughty stare of defiance.

"She drew up her slender figure, and held her proud head high.

"I can hardly pardon the unspoken suspicion," she said clearly and slowly; "it will be an eternal barrier between us if you ever put it into words.

"I am as proud as you, Martin O'Hara, though I am but an actress; and——"

"The calm scorn of her words crushed the cruel doubt that had tortured me.

"I could not look into those clear eyes and think her less proud and pure than she seemed.

"And yet——

"I do not doubt.

"I do not accuse," I cried passionately; "but, for pity's sake, answer my question."

"The color rushed back to her marble cheeks, her eyes brightened in a radiant smile.

"So asked, I will, though it is hard to tell even you our painful family secret. The baby is only in our charge for a few days—it belongs to—my sister Rose."

"I was very credulous, Rita, for I was madly in love.

"I believed implicitly all that Blanche told me—how Rose had been the victim of a marriage that proved to be no marriage at all, how she had left her child in charge of their own old nurse, how that nurse had recently died, and how the baby had been brought to them until Rose could return to claim it.

"We could not turn our little niece away Clare and I," she said appealingly, while her large bright eyes looked larger and brighter through tears that softened and intensified their splendor.

"But it was terrible to keep a secret from you, Martin, and more terrible to tell you what we feared you might think a reflected shame."

"You are an angel!" I cried fervently; and, as I kissed the white hand that gently pressed my own and looked into the lovely pleading face, I really thought her little less.

"We were married soon after that, and spent some time abroad.

"I was wildly, feverishly happy at first; but I do not think I was ever wholly content, even in the brief bliss of the honeymoon.

"Well, Rita, you know the story of our coming home, the universal welcome accorded us, the gaieties that followed our return.

"Impelled by a sense of justice, I had suggested that my wife's sisters should be invited to Wychfield Court; but she at once negatived the proposition.

"You are all that is generous," she said, with her charming smile; but you shall not sacrifice your pride.

"No, Clare shall come to us later.

"She is an inoffensive little thing, who, if she does not dazzle the county, will at least do you no discredit.

"Rose must never come here.

"Her bright face darkened and grew strangely stern.

"I quite agreed in her decision, though I pitied the pain I thought it cost her, and gladly let the obnoxious object drop.

"All went smoothly and pleasantly with us until the night of the fancy ball.

"With me, I should say rather, for Blanche had been much troubled by a letter that came to that morning from the undesirable Rose.

"I will not show it to you, dearest, she said sweetly, for it is filled with the unkindest reproaches.

"You cannot wonder that it makes me sad.

"I did not wonder at that, or at the care with which she tore the paper into undecipherable fragments, or even at the strange pallor and abstraction that came to her that day.

"I thought her struggling between pride and old affection—afterwards I knew——

"Rita"—Martin turned round now, and spoke with passionate rapidity, as though hurrying through a task of almost unbearable pain—"you have heard the story of that night—every one in Wychfield knows it?"

"Yes," I said gently, thankful that so much at least I could spare him.

"Do not pain yourself.

"Aunt Patience told me all."

He drew a long breath, of relief I think, though his face was even paler than before.

"Not all, Rita, but all she knew.

"The worst came after—came that very night.

"It was almost morning when our guests had gone.

"I at least was dead tired, and went yawningly up-stairs, without waiting to see what had become of my wife.

"The ball-room had been hot and very close.

"My eyes were dazzled with the glare and glitter of the scene, and my head ached slightly.

"I felt a great longing for a breath of the chill fresh air, and, throwing my dressing-room window up, thrust out my head and shoulders.

"Far away in the east the day was faintly drawing, pale rose-red ripples breaking the broad stretch of gray.

"But nearer at hand was the soft cool darkness that sooth my eyes.

"I had lounged thus for perhaps five minutes, lazily enjoying the pleasant peace when I suddenly became aware of a tiny star of light in the old ruined tower to my left.

"I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. It had vanished, but re-appeared in a few seconds more, and shone with a faint clear stationary brightness that gave convincing proof of its reality.

"There was, in one sense, nothing very dreadful in the sight, for the old tower was a ruin, communicating with the house only by the one gallery of which I kept the key and in it the most desperate of thieves would have remained perforce honest, seeing that there was nothing to steal.

"However, I did not choose to give even involuntary hospitality to guests of whom I knew nothing.

"So, moving gently that Blanche, in her dressing-room, should not be disturbed, I went to fetch the key that I always hung in one place, just within the door of my wardrobe.

"It had gone.

"Blanche has placed it somewhere else, I thought.

"And in that case, Blanche must be disturbed, for know the meaning of this I will.

"But Blanche was no more to be found than the missing key.

"She was not in her dressing-room, her bed, nor, so far as I could search it, in any corner of the great rambling of the old house.

"I think an instinct of the truth came to me then, Rita.

"Without consciously linking the two startling disappearances together, I went straight to the old tower, and, forcing my way in through one of the lower windows, crept stealthily up the winding stairs until I reached the room from the window of which the tell-tale light had gleamed.

"It was shining still, Rita.

"It was a small silver lamp, placed on the carved oaken mantelpiece, and in its light I, peering through the half-open doorway, saw the inmates of the room distinctly, saw their working faces with as cruel a clearness as I heard every word they spoke. They were the vanished Romeo and my wife.

"It was no lovers' meeting— woman's face, flushed, fierce, and angry, surmounted the blue and silver dress.

"A woman's voice, thrilling with passionate scorn and anger, rang out in sharp invective.

"It was my only chance to see you, Blanche.

"You deserve to be humiliated.

"Let me know what you want, and go, said my wife.

"Your silence is for sale, Rose!

"Let me know the price.

"One you will hardly care to pay, answered the other, with slow passion.

"Descent to my level, acceptance of your own shame.

"I will no longer be your scapegoat, Blanche.

"Martin O'Hara shall know that child you call mine is——"

"No, no!" cried Blanche, interrupting her with a shriek.

"You will not be so cruel, Rose?"

"Will I not?" Rose said slowly.

"Had you asked my assistance, I would have given it.

"I have been wild and reckless.

"I could not do as you have done—could not take the love of an honorable man and pay him back with dishonor—could not renounce my husband and disown my own child.

"There was something almost approaching dignity in the reckless woman's manner.

"Blanche, in her richer dress and statelier beauty, would have looked small and mean beside her, even without that ghastly terror in her eyes.

"You do not mean it Rose!" she said, coming nearer and nearer to her sister as she stood in the narrow niche of the long window.

"Listen, dear Rose, we are sisters after all!

"I will make you so rich, richer, than you have ever dreamed of being.

"I will receive you here.

"But Rose only shook her head, inexorable as fate.

"For the wealth of the word I would give up my vengeance now.

"To-morrow, as surely as that sun rises in the heavens, Martin O'Hara shall hear the true story of your life—shall know that your husband lives in a French convict-prison, that your child——

"The sentence ended in a horrible scream for, with a strength born of her mad terror Blanche hurled herself upon her unsuspecting sister.

"Rose staggered back against the frail casement, which yielded to the touch, and fell crashing down to the rock and gravel, full forty feet below."

Martin paused, with a strong convulsive shudder, covering his eyes with both hands, as though to shut out some sight then hideously present to him.

I touched his arm timidly.

No other way could I express my comprehension of his long and patiently-borne pain.

I think he understood me, for, after a while, he looked up with a haggard grateful smile.

"I remember more, Rita.

"The shock, the horror of the scene, completely turned my brain.

"They found me insensible on the floor of the room, and accused me of the murder.

"For years I could not be sure myself that I had not committed it.

"Only the other day, as it were, after this last most lucky accident"—touching his forehead with his hand—"was my mind and memory wholly restored."

"And your wife—Blanche?"

"Since that night I have never seen her; my lawyer has paid a yearly sum to Clare Merton for her sister's support in reality, though nominally for her own.

"Two days ago"—he paused a moment, then went on with deliberate calmness—"two days ago Clare sent the certificate of her sister's death and burial to Mr. Renwick's office."

I thought I understood her motive; but I said nothing, only looked at him with earnest tear-filled eyes.

And then, with a sudden movement, he drew me to him, and kissed me.

"The seal is taken from my lips, Rita. I can clear myself and claim you now."

I looked up into his eyes, too glad for speech; and then the door opened, and aunt Pat came into the room.

How long had we been together?

Hours—minutes?

I could not pretend to guess.

But aunt Pat had not come to reproach us; her dear old face was white with horror and wet with tears; and in her hand was a scrap of paper, on which was scrawled in what looked like a mockery of my father's firm clear writing—

"Come at once, Rita; Clare is dying."

I was shocked, bewildered, horrified; but I had still sense to stop Martin O'Hara as he was leaving the room.

"You must go with us!" I said; and they both regarded me wonderingly, aunt Patience being the first to speak in shocked remonstrance.

"My dear, what should Mr. O'Hara do there?"

But I did not regard her question; I only said hurriedly in Martin's ear—"She is Clare Merton; she told me so to-day?"

He stared at me in incredulous horror, but, without further protest, accompanied us.

CHAPTER IX.

THE drive to Lady St. Gervayse's house was a short one; but it seemed fearfully 'ong to us.

Lady St. Gervayse met us in the hall; her faded delicately-tinted face for once blanched with strong and genuine feeling.

"It is terrible for dear Sir Hercules—terrible for us all—even the sight is shocking, and she was so beautiful—in her wedding-dress too! Ugh!"

And her ladyship covered her eyes with a filmy handkerchief, and shuddered with no affected horror as she told us briefly and plainly the story of Clare's accident.

She was trying on her wedding-dress, and some pearls that Sir Hercules had brought her, and, in passing the grate, the long flowing lace veil caught fire.

The flame ran rapidly over the filmy fabric, and she was soon enveloped.

"Still she might have been saved, for, as her shrieks echoed through the house, assistance was soon at hand; but"—Lady St. Gervayse paused suddenly, looking at me with terror-rounded eyes—"she was mad with pain and terror, Rita; she rushed blindly at the open French window, mistaking it perhaps for the door—and—fell—oh, child, it is horrible to think of!—crushing down into the stone area below."

Aunt Patience gave a cry of pain and terror.

I neither moved nor spoke.

The hideous story stupefied me.

I thought of Clare, as I had seen her a few hours back, radiant in healthful beauty—of Clare dying by inches in my father's arms!—and then incongruously of Martin's story and Rose Merton's death.

"Can we see her?" asked Martin slowly: and Lady St. Gervayse looked at him in ludicrous surprise.

"Miss Tempest can of course; but——"

"Mr. O'Hara is a relative," I said quickly; and Lady St. Gervayse led the way, without further demur, to the room in which Clare lay.

My father raised a gray anguish-stricken face at our entrance, only to droop it again instantly over the shapeless writhing something that lay upon the improvised couch in the centre of this down-stairs room—something on which his tears dropped thick and fast—something with bandaged head and scorched and swollen face—something that, but for breath that came in hard and painful gasps, might have been death itself—something—oh, surely, surely not my father's beautiful bride elect! The scorched and blood-stained bridal-dress lay unregarded on the floor.

The piteousness, the horror of it all, rushed upon me in a sudden stinging pain.

I fell upon my knees and buried my face in the bed-clothes with a bitter cry.

"Oh, papa, papa, it is too horrible—poor thing—poor Clare!"

At sight of the terrible suffering, the terrible change, there was nothing but pity in my heart.

But pain made my father bitter.

"You are avenged now, Rita," he said, in a low fierce voice.

"Need you have brought strangers to look upon your triumph?"

"Strangers!" I echoed blankly; then following the direction of the angry eyes, I saw that they rested on Martin O'Hara's face.

Martin stood on the other side of the couch, gazing with an eager intense scrutiny at those distorted features.

"What does he do here?" repeated my father sternly.

"It is Mr. O'Hara," I said hesitatingly; and then, before I could finish the explanation, something strange and terrible happened.

Hitherto Clare had lain with closed eyes, apparently unconscious of all that passed around her, and living only in the one faculty of pain.

But at my words, the heavy eyelids lifted, and the lovely anguished eyes rested on Martin O'Hara's face.

For one minute their eyes met in a mute and awful question and answer; then Martin staggered back, and Clare struggled up on the couch with a shriek of piercing pain.

"Martin—husband," she cried in a harsh broken voice, "forgive—pity me? Rose is avenged!"

My father strove to draw her down upon the pillow; but she still strained her dreadful burning eyes in one direction—still called in her shrill voice of agony for Martin—Martin to forgive her.

I saw great drops of moisture gather on my father's forehead, saw how the strong frame shook from head to heel; but the spell of a restless fascination was on us both, and we could only watch the dying woman and the man to whom the wild appeal was made.

"Martin! You know that Clare is dead? That I—Martin—oh, Heaven—you know me?"

"Yes"—the man's full tones fell clear and bell-like on the solemn silence; he drew a little nearer to the dying woman, and looked down at her with an infinite pity—"yes, I know you Blanche; and I forgive you all."

A light broke suddenly over the distorted face, the eyes rolled upward in a passionate gratitude, and came to earth no more; the scorched lips parted, but no word came from them; the heavy head fell back, and the long gasping troubled sigh that echoed so painfully in our ears was the last breath the unhappy woman drew.

Martin O'Hara knelt by the bed of death with his face hidden in his hands.

We waited in a breathless silence until he rose to his feet and stood before us, calm and composed, but very pale.

Then my father said sternly—

"This is no place for recrimination; but, in the presence of the dead, I ask you this.

"What was that lady to you?"

A deep and genuine pity softened Martin's face and voice; he looked not at my father, but at me, as he answered gravely and gently—

"In the presence of the dead I answer you.

"She was once my wife."

* * * * * *

"And you will call on Mrs. Paul, Rita?" says aunt Pat, with a faint tinge of anxiety in her voice.

The dear old peacemaker is at her old work, busily trying to patch up the last surviving feud in Wychfield.

Five years have passed, and for four of these I have been Martin O'Hara's happy wife.

Five years have made the grass very green over the grave of the unhappy woman who once embittered my life, who even to my father is only a painful memory now, though it was long ere he could endure even the sound of her name.

But time heals all; time brought peace to my father and happiness to me.

The full story of Blanche O'Hara's crime was never told; but enough became known to convince the most sceptical that Martin O'Hara was a sorely wronged man; and those who had been first to accuse and suspect him were fervent in proffers of friendship.

But he shrank with a morbid dislike from the place that had condemned him, and my four years' long pleading has only just been crowned with success.

Now that he is home, I do not think he regrets the effort.

Aunt Pat and I watch him as he comes across the lawn, with little Martin beside him, erect, happy, smiling, as Martin O'Hara never looked in the old days; and my heart gives a great glad throb.

Heaven has been so good to us—so good!

"You will call on Mrs. Jolliffe—will make it up with Paul?" pleads my kindly Mentor; and I say, with a smile and blush—

"I will do as Martin bids me."

"And Martin bids you do as you please," finishes my husband, with a laugh.

So, much to aunt Pat's satisfaction, that matter is settled.

And, as Martin bends his head to the level of mine, and I read the full content that shines in the once-troubled eyes, I think there is no happier woman in the world than the proud and loving wife of the WYCHFIELD HORROR.

[THE END.]

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

YEARS ago there was born to a London merchant a little daughter, his first and, as it proved, his only child.

They were quiet people, this merchant and his wife—quiet, but not commonplace.

Born in a sphere of life a little above that in which they now found themselves, it was this perhaps which made them withdraw so much from society that few people had what might truly be termed the honor of their acquaintance.

The husband was a grave, silent man—educated and intellectual—with an abstracted look when his face was at rest, which told rather of the literary dreamer than of the practical business man.

Otherwise an honorable gentleman, upright and generous, a loving father and tender husband.

His wife was worthy of him.

Unselfish, brave, and patient, ever cheerful and gentle, who could help loving her?

The bright beauty of her girlhood had passed away in the troubles endured at her husband's side, but she was still very attractive.

A refined, intelligent woman under whose care the home and household prospered better than did his business under that of her husband.

No wonder that in such a home the little Margaret grew up, like the flowers in its small suburban garden, sweet and graceful—retiring and quiet, too, as they—though her mother's original brightness sparkled through the dreamy imaginativeness she inherited from her father.

Quick and facile of intellect, she went through a range of study unusually extensive for one of her age and sex, doing infinite credit to the teaching of that loving mother.

And becoming day by day, as the fair mind developed in the fair body, more and more the joy and darling of the parents' hearts.

So she grew, tenderly sheltered from every anxiety, tenderly soothed through all her childish troubles, till the sorrow came, the first of the trials appointed for the chastening of the daughter's soul, the last for the trial of the father's faith.

She was sixteen when the dear wife and mother fell ill, and began to fade from those eyes of which she was the peculiar treasure.

It need not be told here how they first grew careful about her, and then deeply anxious.

How they watched her and nursed her, trying many remedies, striving meanwhile to hide their anxiety from her and from each other, while that terrible heart-sickness laid its burden on them.

All was in vain.

Inexorable Death claimed its victim, no arts could persuade him to forego his prey.

And so Margaret almost broke her heart with weeping on the morning of her eighteenth birthday.

For the first time the tender maternal blessing which had ever marked the recurrence of that anniversary, and knowing that the soft voice was for ever hushed, the sweet patient lips cold and silent in the darkness of the grave.

The cloud of that bitter grief might be lifted in time from the daughter's heart, for she was young, and Life's great interests still untried, but it could never leave her father's.

More and more melancholy he grew in his abstraction, more and more unequal to the daily labor he yet tried so conscientiously to fulfil.

He endeavored to resigned and to rouse himself for the sake of his sweet little child.

And he became resigned, but no power of rallying from the blow was left in him.

He would do his very best to be cheerful at the evening meal, not without success.

Yet after it, as he sat listening to the music his daughter played with a surpassing skill, inherited from her who was gone, he was forced to keep his hand over his eyes lest she should see the working of his face.

And when she shut the piano at last and bent over his chair to say goodnight, he would take her head in both his hands, and, looking wistfully for a long, long time into her face, would kiss her at last with a more tender fondness as he noticed her growing likeness to her mother.

And so, dismissing her with his blessing, would sink back into memories of his lost wife, musing how and when he should again behold her.

While Margaret, answering his caress with blinding tears, would wonder mournfully upstairs how best she might find new ways of showing her yearning love and pity for him, feeling hopelessly all the time that, do what she would, she could never fill the aching void in his heart.

Nevertheless she tried her best.

The bright young maiden, whose beauty and talent would have made her a chief ornament of their little society, turned without a sigh from all its charms that she might in some degree lighten the gloom of their little home.

She devoted herself to her father's comfort in mind and body alike, deeming herself fully rewarded by every smile she drew from him, by every fond acknowledgment of how greatly she soothed and cheered his lot.

But a few more years brought the ending of this life, which, for all its sadness, had been so calm and peaceful.

The second storm broke over Margaret Lindsay's head.

She was little more than twenty when one of those cruel panics which seem, strangely enough, to recur at stated intervals, shook the commercial world.

Among the firms, great and small, which crashed daily into ruin was Mr. Lindsay's.

It was not such a very extraordinary thing.

He had been its guiding spirit, and he was not a good man of business.

Honorable and upright to a degree, punctual in his engagements, with a scrupulous horror of over-speculation, he yet lacked the keen, clear head, the almost instinctive appreciation of the just balance of risks which mark the true city man.

These qualities alone could have enabled him to steer clear of the difficulties that now beset him.

Without them the storm caught his poor little bark, and wrecked in a few wild days the fruit of so many years of persevering toil.

The shock was too much for him.

It would have been a terrible blow to a man of his character, even had he been in the noon of health and strength.

As it was his hold on life had been greatly loosened by that endeavoring grief; and now the sudden strain snapped the remaining cords with but very little warning.

It wrung Margaret to the heart to see his face grow wan a gray under the pressure of that great anxiety, to watch his appetite fail and his interest in all the little things that used to please him vanish.

But she had no idea how rapidly he was failing, till one day he had to confess himself unable to go to the doleful business of arranging his affairs, which was now all that awaited him in the city.

Then, as they sent off to the doctor, her face grew white with fear, and the event proved how unerring was the instinct of the daughter's heart.

She had him only two days after that—two days during which she never left him, save when they forced her to lie down for an hour's rest, two nights, during which as they spoke together for the last time with fonder, freer interchange of thought than ever, she saw how deeply the hope of again meeting her mother possessed his mind, how entirely without regret, except on her own account, he left the world.

"If I had not been leaving you alone," he would say, "it would have been quite easy for me.

"But it has not been permitted otherwise, and I know all is wisely ordered."

Wisely ordered it was indeed.

The patient faith of that noble heart was not misplaced.

But in the clouds and darkness that then encompassed her path it may be forgiven to Margaret that her courage failed her, or that it required her utmost efforts to keep back the tears the sight of which would have grieved him so much, as any trouble of hers always did.

Calm only in the strength of love, she watched on that last morning how, as the dawn brightened in the east, the unearthly light became more manifest on the cold damp face, while the dear tones grew ever faint and fainter.

"Thank Heaven, I shall soon see my Julia again!"

Those were the last words that passed his lips.

A few more minutes and he was at rest.

Alas for the poor young orphan deprived of him, and not of him alone!

For, as ill-fortune would have it, the same commercial crash that ruined her father swept away also the insurance-office in which he had made, as he hoped, a modest provision for her at his death.

Thus she was left alone and portionless, with no near relatives but her mother's sister, with no distant ones save some grand far-off cousins of her father's, whom he had never seen, and of whom he had known but little.

Her aunt was a kindly, active woman, but she had a large family of her own to support on moderate means, and it was not in her power to do much for her niece.

All that she could do she did.

She came to her in those days of bereavement and sorrow, comforting and supporting her as none but her mother's sister could have done, sparing her all pain and grief as far as possible.

And when she found Margaret was penniless, she insisted on writing on her behalf to her distant cousins.

It was much against her will.

But what was to be done?

The girl could not be left to starve.

Even if she were to earn her own bread, the way must be devised and settled.

She wrote accordingly.

And Margaret, with this new and pressing anxiety for the means of life added to her deep grief for her father, waited in feverish uncertainty for the reply.

A reply came at length, but not from the lady to whom Mrs. Taylor had written—a certain Miss Durrant of Upton Court.

Though apparently sent by her desire and with her knowledge, it came from a gentleman of the same name who called himself her cousin.

It was short, precise, not unkind in its curt wording, yet by no means weakly sympathetic.

It expressed a certain amount of feeling for the misfortunes that had left Miss Lindsay desolate, spoke of the many claims on the family generally, on himself particularly, and ended by offering her a home, as a sort of companion, in Miss Durrant's house.

It was better she should have one, as she was getting elderly.

It was the letter of an honorable worldly practical man, who was unable to understand other people's feelings, or put himself in their place.

In his eyes it was absurd that people who were penniless should expect any very delicate consideration.

If they did, it was a misfortune—not to say a fault.

They should learn to cut their coat according to their cloth.

But Margaret Lindsay did not see things quite in the same light, and his letter galled her sadly.

The girl was of a peculiarly refined, sensitive nature, one to whom the idea of taking a liberty, in any way imposing on others, was utterly repugnant.

To be thus evidently viewed as a troublesome poor relation wounded her to the quick.

Had any other way of life presented itself she would instantly have declined Mr. Durrant's offer.

None did however.

Humiliating and destitute of charm as this appeared, it remained the only one open to her.

And in the end Mrs. Taylor wrote to accept for her niece, feeling thankful as she did so that Margaret's greater grief had still in some measure blunted the edge of this minor trouble.

CHAPTER II.

THE young orphan had not much preparation to make nor many affairs to arrange before entering on her new life.

And so two months were hardly over ere, with many tears and misgivings, she had parted from her kind aunt and was fairly on her way to Upton Court.

She had no idea what sort of place it was or what sort of person its mistress might be.

She only knew that her lost ones had believed them both to be beautiful and very grand.

It was a weary journey for her, poor child.

For she was such a child—so ignorant and so fearful of this unknown world she was going to face all by herself.

No giant's castle could have seemed more appalling to belated pilgrim in olden time than did Upton Court to Margaret Lindsay as, worn out with grief and the fatigue and cold of her journey, which ended with a six miles' drive in the dark through a strange country, she at last beheld it.

It was approached by a long avenue, and Margaret knew the trees in it must be thick and close, for the faint light of the wintry night became obscured as the cab turned into it, and the heavy branches struck constantly against its roof and sides.

At length the cab emerged into an open space, the trees falling away to the right and left; and, as it stopped before the door, Margaret, straining her eyes for a first glimpse of her new home,, felt first awed by its size and then by its traces of forlorn and melancholy neglect.

The lowest of the flight of steps on which the driver was assisting her to alight was cracked and grass-grown, and only one or two of the numerous windows in the whole castle were lighted from within by a faint glimmer.

Hastily, as she paid the cabman, Margaret asked him his address, and whether, if she wrote to him for it, he would be sure to let her have a cab.

It was a simple question enough, but there had sprung up in the girl's heart, together with a loathing aversion to this dismal place, a wild desire of having some sure means of getting away from it in case of necessity.

Somewhat reassured by the readiness of his amused affirmative she turned towards the door, which meanwhile had slowly opened, and on the threshold of which now stood a man-servant, bearing in his hand an oil-lamp, the light of which fell full upon his features, which were thrown out in bold relief by the darkness beyond.

He appeared to be a man about sixty, tall, gray-haired, keen-eyed, with an ugly, rugged face that was not quite forbidding, an air and manner strangely independent for one in his position, yet failing to be insolent.

This individual, without a word to Margaret, briefly commanded the driver to carry her boxes into the house, as briefly dismissed him when that operation was ended, and then proceeded to secure the door with the heavy bolts and chains it had taken him so long to undo.

Margaret meanwhile, listening with a sinking heart to the departing wheels of her conveyance—the last link between herself and her former world—gazed with frightened, girlish eyes round the strange apartment in which she was standing.

It was a great square stone-paved hall, so large that the one small lamp the man carried could light it but very feebly, damp and forlorn, and feeling like a prison.

The darkness without looked in through the tall, old-fashioned, narrow windows on each side of the door by which she had entered.

Right and left other doors led, presumably, to the various dwelling-rooms, while the upper portion of the half-wainscoted walls was covered with tier on tier of blackened family portraits, hung on a dirty mildewed surface that had once been painted a delicate sea-green.

Perhaps hardly a house in England had greater store of such wealth than this.

There were representatives of every generation that had played out the drama of life on the world's stage from the days of Henry the Seventh down to those of the Regency.

In all stages of life too.

Old and young, men and women, quaint children and hoary grandsires.

The expression worn by most of the painted faces was one of haughty pride, while their eyes, after the fashion of portraits, seemed to concentrate with a stare of stern rebuke on the poor shrinking intruder into their ancient home.

The further end of the hall was entirely filled by a magnificent double staircase of oak, black with age, the balustrade one mass of foliage and fretted scroll-work, supporting at intervals rampant lions bearing shields of arms, and curious old figures—more curious than beautiful—of the famous kings and queens of bygone years.

In after days Margaret recognized the fact that this staircase was one of the most splendid relics of its time.

But in the desponding, fearful frame of mind in which she beheld it that sorrowful night it appeared to her, in its old-world, dark solemnity, like a gloomy pathway to the grave.

She could not think of the fair young brides and merry little children, whose light feet must have tripped up it so gaily, but only of the endless procession of the coffins of the sheeted dead that had been borne down over those low, wide ebon steps on their passage to the tomb.

Not strong, and over-tried in mind and body, the morbid fancy seized her with the force of realization.

Hating it, longing to shake off, it yet held her spell-bound, so that she did not notice that the servant had finally finished with the door, until he, unaccustomed to wait for any one, quickly reminded her that he was ready to proceed.

"Walk this way," he said, in rough familiar tones, as he preceded her with the lamp.

A painful sense of the incivility of her inferior mingled with her weariness and fear as she followed him across the gloomy hall.

He led her to a door on the left-hand side, threw it open, and, announcing "Miss Lindsay," stood aside more politely to let her pass, struck perhaps by the sweet, refined beauty of her now unveiled face, and the unconscious dignity of the girl's movements.

He closed the door and was gone, and Margaret, raising her timid eyes, found herself in a room of moderate size, panelled to the ceiling, the panels painted white and

picked out with blue and gold, as befitted a lady's boudoir.

A carpet partly covered the floor, and curtains, scanty compared with modern fashions, half veiled the long narrow windows.

Few and meagre also, according to these, were the spider-legged chairs and tables and hard, angular sofas that were dotted sparsely about or stood with regimental precision against the walls.

Thirty years before it would have been accounted a handsomely furnished room, but to the eyes which now beheld it it looked bare and shabby and inexpressibly dreary, in its want of everything betokening womanly refinement and care.

On a centre table two candles burnt in silver candlesticks; a small dull fire smouldered in the high antiquated grate, close to which, in an old easy-chair, her elbows on her knees and her bent head supported on her hands, sat crouching the mistress of the gloomy mansion.

She was staring fixedly into the embers as Margaret entered, and it was some time before she condescended to look up or take any notice of the interruption of her solitude.

At length, when the young girl, uncertain what to do or say, had advanced to the middle of the room in timid, silent hesitation, she looked slowly round.

And Margaret found that, strange and sad as the house might be, the face of its mistress was stranger, sadder, more gloomy still.

Such a countenance it was never her lot to see either before or after.

It bore the wreck of a most surpassing beauty, and yet it was not in this that its singularity consisted.

It was in the expression that animated it—the contrast between the burning disdain written on every feature of the haughty, classical face, and the deep, brooding remorse and pain which looked out of the stern dark eyes.

Even to the inexperienced girl who stood before her she seemed like one crushed to the earth by some weight of woe, against which however her whole nature had so hardened itself in its rebellion that, instead of compassion for her suffering, it was difficult to feel anything but fear and aversion.

She was very tall; Margaret could see that, huddled together as she was in the great arm-chair.

Her dress struck her by its careless, slovenly unconcern, which notwithstanding was only consonant with the woman.

Those eyes could never notice an accidental stain or tear, much less take pleasure in the little niceties of dress—the position of a flower, the folds of a drapery, the color of a ribbon.

The capacity of caring for any such innocent trifles must long since have been burnt out of the soul that owned that dark, despairing face.

Vaguely some idea of what was hereafter to grow very clear to her stole into Margaret's mind as she stood there in dumb, uncertain expectation, while the dark eyes became riveted on her face, almost as immovably as they had on the fire, and the girl shrank under the piercing gaze which seemed to read the very secrets of her heart.

At last Miss Durrant spoke, breaking the silence abruptly.

"You are Margaret Lindsay, I suppose?"

Her voice was clear and ringing, of distinct and delicate articulation, but devoid of sweetness or sympathetic modulation.

And so it fell harshly on Margaret's ears, too much accustomed as they were to the soft, caressing tones of affection.

She managed to give a simple affirmative, but she could do no more; and again the silence reigned.

Miss Durrant did not offer to shake hands with her, or ask her to sit down, but went on gazing at her in that searching, yet purposeless sort of way, without further attempt at speech.

And it shot through the girl's nervously sensitive mind that she was now perchance expected to return thanks for the refuge that had been opened to her in her cousin's house.

Strenuous exertion was needed to overcome the distress which this interview was fast bringing to a climax, and overcome also the awe which chained her tongue.

In a few trembling words alone could she manage to express her own and her aunt's sense of the benefit that had been conferred on them.

Miss Durrant heard; she could hardly be said to listen to the little speech it had cost such an evident effort to utter.

She replied with calm unconcern.

"Mr. Durrant wished it.

"I simply allowed him to do as he liked.

"I don't suppose I shall mind your being here if you do not interfere with me.

"And you can read to me instead of Anne Cator.

"Her voice is like a nutmeg-grater."

Margaret listened to these chilling words with a bitter pang.

Her whole heart was yearning for a word or look of sympathy.

Here was nothing but the coldest indifference.

And this place was all she had left in the world that she could call her home!

She had to bite her lip very hard to keep back the tears that filled her eyes at that thought, and which, even had she been so inclined, would have prevented her from speaking for some time to come.

"Where have you been living?" was Miss Durrant's next abrupt question, followed by a brief remark that she would find Upton very different.

Margaret replied timidly that she did not think she would mind that; she loved the country so dearly.

Her cousin made no answer.

Margaret's likes and dislikes had no interest whatever for her.

Her gloomy eyes had reverted to the fire.

All the time she had kept her standing; and though she had not been told that she was tired, and though she could not fathom her distress, a woman of ordinary humanity would have guessed at both.

To the girl's aching heart that night simple want of feeling seemed sheer cruelty.

She struggled a little longer with the weight that seemed to choke her.

Then, in spite of her utmost efforts, a sigh that was almost a sob escaped her.

Slight as was the sound, it brought Miss Durrant's stern gaze again upon her.

"Whom are you in mourning for?

"Oh, I remember; Mr. Durrant said you had lost your father or your mother—which was it?"

This in the same nonchalant tone in which she might have asked about the death of a pet canary.

It was too much for the girl's composure. The bitter tears forced their way at last, in spite of all endeavor at restraint.

Miss Durrant merely looked gravely surprised that she should thus obtrude her private griefs on her.

But this surprise checked the outward expression of Margaret's grief more than anything else could have done.

A flame of passionate defiance shot through her.

She would not unveil that sacred sorrow to those cold, indifferent eyes.

"I had the misfortune to lose my dear father two months ago," she said, with shining eyes and burning cheeks.

Her voice was clear and proud, though her limbs shook under her all the while, and the large drops yet hung on her eyelashes.

Oddly enough, the little burst of indignant feeling seemed to propitiate Miss Durrant.

At least she made no sign of irritation, and volunteered another remark.

"I understand that my cousin, Alice Hungerford, was your grandmother."

Margaret assented.

"I never saw her," pursued the lady; "I am told she threw herself away by her marriage — an incomprehensibly foolish thing for her to do."

It was said with entire calmness.

It evidently never struck the speaker that there was the slightest incivility in thus expressing herself to the grandchild of the cousin in question.

"She was fond of my grandfather," replied Margaret, with a fresh access of wounded pride.

"She never felt it any degradation to be his wife.

"She loved him too well for that."

The words had hardly passed her lips when she would have given all she had to recall them.

She trembled exceedingly, fearing the championship of her beloved ones had at length drawn down a terrible burst of wrath upon her head.

For Miss Durrant's whole frame was convulsed, and her dark face lighted up with anger.

"She loved him!" she repeated in a voice of intense scorn.

"She loved him!—then she was even a greater fool than I supposed.

"To throw herself away for the sake of any man!

"Oh, I know these men—no one living better.

"Living, do I say?

"Living or dead, I might say rather;" and at the weird laugh that followed the correction, Margaret shuddered from head to foot, even though she began to perceive that neither she nor her words were the object of her cousin's passion.

"Living or dead, no one knows them better, with their soft wiles and cunning speeches, persuading a woman that they are ready to die to serve her slightest whim!

"They ready to die for her?

"Fool—tenfold fool—is she if she lets herself be deceived!

"They value her whole heart at less than the wooing of their little finger!"

Her gaunt form became instinct with vindictive energy.

Her flashing eyes searched round the room as if in quest of an adversary.

But none was there.

The pale awe-struck girl standing meekly silent at the table, ventured no reply.

"No, he will not come now—now when I should overcome him," muttered the strange woman to herself, in the stillness that followed her wild speech.

Then she too shuddered in her turn, and relapsed into the gloomy reverie which Margaret's entrance had interrupted.

Margaret did not dare even to seat herself.

She continued standing, though a chill fear had gathered round her heart, which, aided by her great fatigue, was rapidly exhausting her small remaining strength.

She could hardly believe the white worn face reflected in the old mirror opposite was her own.

She began to wonder, in a vague, discontented manner, as if it in no way concerned herself, how much longer she could keep herself standing, and what form Miss Durrant's annoyance would take when she should at last fall fainting.

For some such catastrophe was becoming imminent, when the door at length opened and the man who had ushered her into the house reappeared.

"Miss Lindsay's supper is ready," he said.

"My wife will show her to the room if she pleases."

The speech was not very civil, and was addressed to Miss Durrant, as if Margaret were a child, incapable of deciding for herself.

But she was thankful to be released from that tete-a-tete on any terms and to follow him, even though it were across the ghostly hall, into a great dining-room of almost funeral aspect, seeing that waistcoat, floor and ceiling were all of black oak, and the hangings pale and faded.

Nevertheless there was a blazing fire on the huge hearth, which materially lightened the gloom, and close beside it a little white-covered table was set out in faultless fashion with glittering glass and silver.

Here too Mrs. Cator—so she introduced herself to Margaret—came to receive her with more approach to human kindness than she had before met that night, although she was a grave taciturn woman of fifty, sharing largely in the sturdy independent manner which marked her husband, and seemed so strange in his position.

She waited on herself at supper, and, that ended, led her up the great staircase, the old carved figures on which seemed to start in the shadows of the moving light, along a lofty gallery, and down a side passage opening from it on the right to the room prepared for her.

It was shabbily furnished, like the rest of the house, with long narrow, curtainless windows, but with another cheery fire on the hearth.

There were deep cupboards in the walls, which Mrs. Cator opened and displayed to Margaret, and also a closed door, concerning which she told her that it led to some other bedrooms—as usual in old houses—but they were now disused and the door kept locked.

Then, assuring her that she need not return to Miss Durrant's presence that night, she withdrew and left Margaret to the luxury of her lonely tears.

Very sad indeed was the girl that night as she thought of the parting with her relatives, the long, lonely journey, which in itself had been no slight trial to the young girl, the gloom and desolation of this strange place, the chilling reception given to her by her cousin, the awe and dread with which she had inspired her.

And then in sharp and painful contrast rose the memory of the tender protecting love that she had lost.

Ah, if she could only clasp her parents' hands once more and listen to the words of blessing!

And then came the bitter realization of the truth that the utmost force of that intense yearning desire was powerless to bring them back—that she should never meet them more until this weary pilgrimage of life was over.

If it could but be over now!—she thought in her young despair.

There were so many dying that night who would fain live, who were precious to their friends.

Why could she not take the place of one of them—she would so gladly go, she who had none to care for her?

So, wrapped in bitter thoughts, she sobbed herself to sleep beneath the shelter of the old ancestral roof, and slept the stirless sleep of tired healthy youth.

The antique family portraits which appeared to have overflowed from the hall into every chamber in the house, looked down on her through the darkness with baleful, spectral eyes.

The wintry night wind moaned hoarsely without, and broke with strange noises the monotony of the silent hours within.

But she lay insensible alike to light and sound safe beneath guardian wings, ignorant both of sorrows past and sorrows yet to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CITY OF WATER JUGS.—The various roads leading from the country to New York presents a curious spectacle in the early morning, the ways being encumbered with numerous vehicles heavily laden with casks and jugs of different sizes filled with fresh water from the numerous springs in adjoining towns. These jugs are distributed to stores, counting-rooms, and houses in all parts of the city; and the water is used for drinking and culinary purposes in place of the water which is supplied to almost every inhabitant. The empty jugs are picked up by the enterprising water-carriers and returned again, filled with the sweet water of the country springs. The cost of this supply of water is large to individuals, and very large in the aggregate, and the luxury can be indulged in only by those of ample or fair means.

A COW KILLED BY A RAM.—One of the most singular incidents that we have recorded in a long time occurred at Patsalaga creek, in Talbot county Maryland. William Heath was driving a cow and a young calf along the road, and when they came to the creek the cow stopped to drink. On the opposite side of the creek, and a few feet off, stood a large ram. As the cow was drinking she frequently raised her head as if she was uneasy about the calf. The ram took this as a hunter for a fight, and, walking up near the cow, reared up and gave her a butt centrally in the head, killing her almost instantly. Mr. Heath ran up, thinking that she would soon recover, as he thought she was only stunned; but in this he was mistaken, as it was a death stroke.

Do some good deed every day, and thus climb one round higher up the ladder whose foot rests upon the earth, and whose topmost round reaches to the stars.

Scientific and Useful.

BEE STINGS.—The poison of a bee sting may be forced out by pressing the barrel of a small key firmly for a minute over the wound. No wound or swelling will result.

FIREPROOF DRESSES.—Ladies' light dresses may be made fireproof at a trifling cost by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a dilute solution of chloride of zinc. The very finest cambric so prepared may be held in the flame of a candle and charred to dust without the least flame.

PRESERVING HONEY.—Honey contains on an average about 1 per cent. of formic acid; and a German chemist observing that crude honey keeps better than that which has been clarified, inferred this to be due to the presence of this acid in the crude sort. His conclusion was just, for on adding some formic acid to clarified honey he found the acid prevent fermentation without impairing the flavor.

AN ELECTRIC FAN.—A drawing-room fan, or punkah, which is worked by a small electric motor, has been devised. The fan is mounted on an ornamental pedestal, kept in motion by either a spring or electric motor. A battery concealed in the base of the pedestal keeps the electric motor going. The same arrangement is also used to diffuse perfume through a drawing-room, or a disinfectant vapor through a sick-room.

FOUNTAIN TOOTH-BRUSH.—The chief feature of this invention consists of a rubber bulb attached to the handle of the brush and a metal "feed" tube which passes from the interior of the bulb along the back of the handle to the centre of the brush-head, where it enters an aperture for leading the water from the bulb to the bristles of the brush while in use. It need hardly be said that the bulb may be supplied with other liquids besides water.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EAR.—Hard substances, such as peas, bits of slate-pencil, beads, &c., occasionally get lodged in the passage of the external ear. If the substance be within sight, and can be grasped readily with a small pair of forceps, that will be the best way to extract it; but forceps must not, on any account, be used. But the best and safest plan is to inject lukewarm water rather forcibly into the ear by means of a syringe—one that will hold at least two ounces. This will be found rarely to fail, the water passing beyond the substance, and being there confined by the membrane, called the tympanum, forces the former outwards. Should the substances have swelled, or the ear become swollen, a little sweet oil must be poured into the ear, and left there till the next day, when syringing may be used. Glass beads and similar substances may be extracted by means of a probe, dipped into some appropriate cement, introduced into the ear, and kept in contact with the body to be removed, for a few moments till it has become set.

Farm and Garden.

ANTS.—A correspondent says, regarding the destruction of ants: "Take a white china plate and spread a thin covering of common lard over it. Place it on the shelf or any place infested by the troublesome insects. You will be pleased with the result. Stirring up every morning will be all that is needed to set the trap again."

GARDEN SLUGS.—The plan of using bran to trap slugs is, probably, the best of any tried. The slugs are very fond of it. For weeks past I have placed little heaps of it (about a small teaspoonful) anywhere and everywhere among the flower-borders and rockwork on every vacant space of soil. This I do about twilight, and two or three hours after dark I go out with a light and a pail containing some salt and water.

FEATHER EATING.—When fowls have much idle time they get into mischief in consequence, being deprived of animal and nitrogenous food, they take as the best substitute the feathers from each other's necks. The remedy is to give them a sheep's pluck or liver to peck at, hanging it up within reach, and to give them wheat scattered in the earth or litter of their houses. This will give them food and work to occupy their time.

THE GARDEN.—Most farmers, says a writer, maintain their garden spot too long in one place for profit. In city or village lots rotation is not possible; but with the farmer it is. He should lose no time in getting his old garden seeded, and this year or next plow up a clover sod and manure it heavily for a garden spot. Unless the clover is the main sod it is not safe to put garden crops on it the first year after plowing.

SALTING BUTTER.—It takes a great deal of judgment to properly salt butter. The first thing to decide is for what is the salt for. Butter can be preserved by adding but very little salt, therefore for that purpose the great quantities often met with in butter are not used. But if the butter has any undesirable flavor or is insipid, a little more salt may be used, say one ounce to twelve or fourteen ounces of butter. So as to obscure in a measure the faulty taste, the flavor of salt being less objectionable than a wrong or defective taste in butter. But if the flavor is very fine and full, it will not be desirable to hide it, but, on the contrary, to give it more prominence; hence less salt, say one ounce to twenty of butter, will give a better effect. Those who salt heavily are often at fault, as the taste of so much of it is more unpleasant to consumers than a defective natural taste is.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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"OLD FRIENDS."

It seems a work of supererogation to say, "Make your friendships slowly." In the nature of the case you cannot rapidly gain the knowledge which must underlie and justify friendship. Nor have you to think only of the knowledge you acquire of your friend; you have to think of the impression you make on him, and the extent to which he is adapted or inclined to meet your approaches. He, if he is wise—that is, if he has the quality that will command your respect—will be slow also in attaching himself to you. Hence, true friendship must be of slow growth; and hence the friendships that spring up like mushrooms, often shrink and disappear with equal rapidity.

You will go slowly on principle if you remember what influence a friend may have on you. You and he are in the same business concern. He obliges you, trusts you, and you have given your confidence to him, and so far are in his power. You can control the money of the concern—for a time.

But, having a friend, take particular pains to keep him. Old clocks may come into fashion. Old rugs are supplanting new carpets. Old spinning-wheels were the rage a few years ago. These are the whims of fashion; but old friends have a value in all places and in all times. They understand you. You have proved them. You could say to some of them, "I owe everything but money." They would not admit the fact; would smile at it, perhaps, as a fond exaggeration. "Come, now," they say, "you have a way of decorating trifles; but as Shakspeare says:

"'A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.'"

There are wide difference among men. Some are demonstrative. They look for expression of feeling, and are disappointed if their warm words do not call out cool responses. Deal with them according to their nature. The trees bring forth fruit after their kind. Deal with them according to their temperament. Let there never be wanting a seasonable deed of kindness, done and done with; let him see that you desire no protestations; that you believe in him, and that you know he has confidence in you.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A DEED of property near Fort Davis, Texas, recently made over to the United States, reads: "To the United States or their successors." The officer who passed upon the deed very properly erased the words "or their successors," saying that the United States have not, and will not, have any successor.

—

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for an "Anti-Organ Convention" at Albany, on the 14th of next month. This need not be taken as implying that the monkey must go. The Convention is to consider the case of the other kind of organ, the use of which, in church services, lent considerable animation to the proceedings of the recent session of the United Presbyterian Assembly.

—

A BORDEAUX merchant owns a monster mastiff called Lion. Walking with him on the quay, there came a little mad dog along, followed by an excited crowd. Lion seized it by the neck, leaped into the water, and held it under until drowned. This was excellent, and Lion received an ovation; but as Lion subsequently developed a tendency to do the same thing by all small dogs, mad or sane, he has perforce been muzzled.

—

THE Vienna *Press* shows, by careful figuring, how far more fatal disease usually is to the soldier in war than wounds. In the Crimea 10,000 out of 20,000 English succumbed to diseases; in the Russo-Turkish war whole divisions were swept off by cholera. In 1866 the Prussian army lost 6,427 men from cholera, against 4,450 on the field. In 1870-71 the Germans lost 12,000 men by disease, less than half those who fell in battle, but the sanitary arrangements had never been so good.

—

THE Swedes and Norwegians "swaddle" their babes—that is, pin them up in a tight bandage, because it keeps them from kicking around, and makes them easier to handle. They always take them to church, but, instead of taking them into the house of worship, they make a hole in the snow outside in the churchyard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breath.

—

JANE GREY SWISSHELM is out with fresh condemnation of the corset: "Man, in Christian civilization," she says, "sees no beauty in the female form unless there is a notch all around it, like that with which a woodman deadens a tree. The deeper the notch the better is he pleased, for it makes a convenient rest for his arm. In making this notch for his admiration and convenience, a woman as surely, if not as shortly, takes her own life as the woodman takes that of the tree."

—

ABUNDANT hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Sampson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while the fact is that the Chinese, the most enduring of all races, are bald; and as to the supposition that long, thick hair is a sign and token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all mad houses, and all common observation are against it. The easily-wheedled Esau was hairy. The mighty Cæsar was bald. Long-haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers, soldiers and statesmen of the world.

—

FROM statistics recently published, it appears that there are in the world no fewer than 3,985 paper mills, producing every year 959,000 tons of paper from all kinds of substances, including rags, straw and alfalfa. About one-half is printed upon, and of these 478,000 tons of paper, nearly 300,000 tons are used by the newspapers. The various governments consume in official business 100,000 tons; schools, 180,000 tons; commerce, 120,000; industry, 90,000 tons, and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. Including women and children, the paper trade employs 192,000 hands.

—

LONDON journals, while they admit the American girls are famous for an elegant and refined type of loveliness, that French ladies are the best dressed in the world, that the German youthful frauleins have the finest heads of hair, the Spanish girls the brightest eyes to be found anywhere, and that in Venice and Florence may be seen to this day direct descendants of those Old World blonde beauties still fresh and fair on Titien's canvas, claim that young English ladies remain ampler in limb, clearer in complexion, and more hearty than any others. This they attribute to plain food, sound sleep, suitable clothing, exercise in the open air, and a plentiful application of soap and water.

—

"THERE is no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book," says the London *Lancet*, a discovery which the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks will be immensely popular with schoolboys and the opponents of free libraries. A list of the maladies most easily conveyed by means of books is given as follows: "Measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, sore throat, whooping-cough, bronchitis, and perhaps phthisis." The germs of disease "may lie for weeks, months, or perhaps years, between the pages of a bound book, to be dislodged at some unpropitious moment when the volume chances to be handled by some susceptible person." The worst of the *Lancet's* discovery is that no remedy apparently can be provided for this difficulty.

—

THE experiment at Amherst and elsewhere in substituting self-government for faculty government among college students is not a new idea. In the Illinois State University the plan was tried ten years ago, and a formal report on the merits of the system was made two years since. Dr. Gregory, of the Civil Service Commission, was president of the institution. Legislative powers were granted the students as a whole, and legislation against offences was duly effected. The fines in no case exceeded five dollars. The president appointed a marshal and three judges, and these gentlemen acted as a court. Trials before this court were without a jury. The president had a veto, and authority for suspension or expulsion was among the reserved rights of the faculty. Later, for convenience, a senate of twenty-one members represented the students. Much opposition was encountered, but the plan was reasonably successful, according to the report.

—

THE spectacle glasses sold by peddlers and by jewelers generally are hurtful to the eyes of those who read much, as the lenses are made of inferior sheet glass, and are not symmetrically ground. No matter how perfectly the lenses may be made, unless they are mounted in a suitable frame and properly placed before the eye, discomfort will arise from their prolonged use. There are three systems of grading spectacle-lenses—the English, the metric, and the Prussian. Those made to supply the demands of the trade in this country are carelessly made, and are poor imitations of either the English or the metrical systems. The metrical scale has no English equivalent, is not graded by any uniform rule of dividing the inter-focal spaces, and is therefore unsuited to the exacting demands of science.

—

A LOUISIANIAN writes: "The time will soon come when, in our damp climate, the floors of all the stores in New Orleans, and in other cities in the State, will be built of strong waterproof and indestructible paper tiles. The dampness permeating our dwellings will be counteracted by paper material of a suitable character. All our city cars will be built of paper. The wheels of these will be made of paper. The rails of our street-cars, and even cross-ties, so liable to decay, will all be renewed in the course of time, and be replaced by paper material suitably treated to remedy existing evils. Nearly all the furniture of our dwellings, so liable to swell or shrink in our damp climate, will be manufactured in an elegant and artistic style by means of paper stock capable of resisting effectually the sudden changes of our temperature."

—

To those who are necessarily homebound, summer does not give her pleasant invitations in vain. There are few who cannot, by making the best of things, find a great deal of interest and delight at their own doors. Take the smallest city yard, for example. It has its tiny square of grass in the middle, not much bigger than a good-sized tablecloth, and its straight and narrow conventional borders, with a weather-stained fence for background, and its twin, precisely like itself in the yard next door. Did you ever try gardening in earnest in such a little plot? Unless you have done so at some time or other, you can scarcely imagine how many plants can be cultivated successfully in a very limited space. The artistic gardener, under such conditions, contents herself with a few blooming plants at a time, and arranges for a succession of favorites, so that from May until November there is this or that favorite smiling at her with its bright color, or filling the air with its delicate fragrance.

—

SAYS the Burlington *Hawkeye:* "You are a well-to-do tradesman or mechanic, you can afford to employ a servant, to make life easier for your wife. Your wife and yourself discourage "followers." You don't like her to have much company of either sex in the kitchen. Your wife cannot associate with her. The kitchen is her sitting-room; the smallest and most remote room in the house is her bed-room. From 6 a. m. until 9 p. m., or earlier and later, may be, are her hours of work. In all that time she speaks when she is spoken to, and she is spoken to when there are orders for her, just as convicts are allowed to speak in a penitentiary. Well, now, the lonely creature in the kitchen is a woman. Do you wonder she wants to go over to the jolly butcher and the grocer's boy for a little gossip? Do you wonder she flirts with the policeman? Do you wonder that when she goes to the ball she stays until sometime the next day? She sits down three times a day and eats her meals in solitude. So utterly alone that she cannot bear herself swallow. I wonder that she doesn't go mad. The man who works at the lowest occupation has an easier time than that. The man who cleans the streets has the company of his own class. He eats his dinner with his fellow-laborers. The rag-picker meets rival rag-pickers every day. We don't wonder the servant stipulates for company and evenings out."

HOW CAN A WOMAN TELL?

BY S. W.

He told me his love this morning,
With his dear hand clasped in mine,
And he said, "God speed the dawning
When darling, I'll call thee mine."
But my fond heart questioned softly,
Though loving him true and well,
With his love outlast all changes?
Ah, how can a woman tell?

When the years shall bring their trials,
And the cares and the pain outweigh
The joys in the little household,
As clouds might obscure the day—
Will the hand that has held mine fondly,
When maidenly ills befell,
As earnestly shield from sorrow?
Ah! how can a woman tell?

When the silver threads are creeping
Through my tresses one by one;
When I lose my youth and beauty,
As many a wife has done;
Will his heart be mine as truly
As when in the flowery dell
gave me his treated promise?
Ah! how can a woman tell?

glance at my sweetheart waiting,
His eyes they are clear and true;
"I will love him," my heart says gladly,
"I will trust him the wide world through;
will be to him joy and comfort,
I will other wives excel;
I will keep him with love's magic"—
This much may a woman tell!

Town vs Country.

BY JENNIE C. LONG.

PAPA, may I ask Allie Long to spend the winter with me?"

Mr. Lloyd looked up from his paper with an indulgent smile at his little dark-eyed daughter.

"Yes, Dolly, you can do as you like about it."

"Thanks, papa.

"Now, if you'll do one thing more, I shall feel perfectly happy."

"That's a very good thing to be, I'm sure.

"What is the important service I am to render?"

"Give me some money to get some pretty things for Allie.

"You know she is not rich as I am, and then, too, she has no idea how any one ought to dress in town."

As Dolly spoke a vision rose before the wealthy banker's eyes.

A slight pale girl, with dark-grey, earnest eyes, was moving quietly about the farm-house in the mountains, helping her mother in caring for the comfort of the city boarders she had taken for the summer into her home.

As faultlessly neat in her attire as the stately lily of fashionable life that "toils not," and as striking in her pure, pale loveliness as the field flower from which the Savior's parable was drawn.

Those tender fingers had been familiar with every detail of housework, from its lowliest phase of scrubbing and dish-washing up to the flaky pie-paste, or delicious "queen of puddings," or the many tempting combinations of "goodies" requisite to form the dessert which was to follow the delicious dinner of chicken (either roasted, boiled, or fricasseed), and flanked by home-raised vegetables.

"It is a kindly nature in my little girl that prompts her to make this request," he said, after a moment's thought.

"I fear Miss Allie would look and feel out of place in such fine feathers as Dolly wears."

"I don't mean to test her that way, papa," burst in Dolly eagerly.

"You may not believe it, but I have too great a sense of fitness to buy anything very gay in color.

"Will you do it?"

"Another thing to take into consideration is this—will Miss Allie accept such favors?"

"It would be a shame if she wouldn't when she nursed me through that long illness last summer.

"I really believe she saved my life, papa."

"You are a very good special pleader, Dolly.

"Your dear mother was just so.

"She could always persuade me in her way of thinking, and it always proved the right one, too."

Tears filled the girl's dark eyes at this allusion to the dear one who had been sleeping under the daisies for so many years.

"I hope to grow more and more like her," she said softly; "for then you will love me more and more."

The father turned and busied himself with the papers on his waiting-desk.

A strong man ever struggles against a display of emotion, and Mr. Lloyd could not trust his voice to reply.

The love of his early manhood still dwelt within his faithful heart, and shut out all thoughts of replacing it by any later affection, excepting that drawn out by their child.

After a time he drew forth his cheque-book and wrote some figures on one of the pieces of paper which, signed by his well-known name, was equivalent to so much gold.

"Will that answer, daughter?" he said, holding it towards her.

Dolly glanced at it and threw her arms about her father's neck.

"Oh, you dear, generous papa, I can do wonders with that amount, and I'll tell you how I'm going to manage. It will be the week before the new year before she can come, and I must give her time to make any preparations she may wish to; so I won't invite her until then. I shall engage madame to make her dresses that week, and I'll obtain her measure surreptitiously. Then New Year's Day she can't say a word against receiving her share of presents—for you know I have them in quantities—and if she does make any demur, I shall pull such a woe-begone face that she'll yield at once.

"She never could resist my coaxing. Now, good-bye I'll leave you to read your paper in peace, and I'll run and write my letter."

The letter was written and received, and the country home was at once made the scene of an unusual bustle of preparation; for Allie's mother insisted upon her accepting Dolly's invitation.

I will not give in detail Dolly's arguments, but will merely say she carried the day according to her declared usual fashion and that it thus came about that the gentlemen who called at the Lloyds' stately mansion on the New Year's Day following the week of Allie's stay, were greeted with the sight of a vision of peerless loveliness.

It was the young mountain-girl's pure, statuesque face rising out of a film of lace through which gleamed palely the shimmering silk, in color like to the palest blue clouds which floated in the June sky.

Her charms were enchanted by her absolute freedom from the self-consciousness which too often mars one's admiration for a beautiful face; and the innocent enjoyment evinced by her shining eyes and heightened color delighted her enthusiastic little hostess.

"I never so much enjoyed receiving as I have done to-day," Dolly said to her papa, when going to him for her good-night.

"Allie is so fresh, so much like a sweet mountain daisy, that I love to watch her; and every one seems immensely taken with her.

"Oh, papa, I expect such fun in going to parties with her.

"May I give a dance, so as to get her well introduced?"

"Have anything you wish, Dolly. I know you will do nothing wrong."

"How could I, when I have such a good dear papa!

"There never was such a happy girl before.

"I wonder if it will always last?

"But I musn't stop any longer. I must go to Allie.

"Good night, and sweet dreams."

"Good night, my darling. May God guard your slumbers."

Dolly's favorite cousin, Russell Sturgis, had but lately returned from abroad, where he had been pursuing his studies at a famous German university.

Much to Dolly's delight she saw that he was very much attracted by Allie, and that in her presence he lost completely the listless, indifferent way which had been one of the "foreign accomplishments brought from abroad," as Dolly had teasingly informed him.

It had been the earnest desire of Russell's parents that he, their only son, should choose a wife from among the circle of fair and high-bred girls amid which he moved.

But his heart had remained untouched until he had met this little "mountain pearl," as he called her in his secret thoughts.

Allie rejoiced in her new happiness as a flower just opened to the sunlight rejoices in drinking in the life-giving rays, and in the same quiet fashion.

"Every one is so kind to me," she said to Dolly.

And that young enthusiast threw her arms about her neck and kissed her as she said—

"How could any one help it?"

Then with a sudden gravity she held her friend away from her, and looked into her eyes searchingly.

She was about to ask her some momentous question, judging by her manner.

But the advent of a servant with a card checked the words trembling upon her lips.

She lifted the bit of pasteboard from the salver, and glanced at it.

"It is cousin Russell, Allie.

"Will you go down and entertain him? I have a letter to write, and you will please make my excuses to him."

All unsuspectingly Allie obeyed.

Russell rose as she entered the room.

He listened in an abstracted way to her apologies for Dolly's absence, and then he said, much to Allie's surprise—

"I am glad Dolly couldn't come."

But before she had time to wonder long he had taken her hand and was giving voice to his passion in a flood of eloquent words.

White as a lily, and trembling in every limb, Allie listened.

She was attired in one of the pretty dresses Dolly had given her, and until now had taken an innocent pleasure in wearing it, if for no other reason than to please her generous friend.

But like a flash came the thought—

"If this elegant gentleman had only seen me in my own home, dressed in the garb which alone belongs to a poor farmer's daughter, he would not have given me a second thought."

So she said quietly, her calm manner concealing the emotion caused by the painfully throbbing heart which seemed to be beating her death-knell—

"Forgive me for deceiving you, Mr. Sturgis. I thank you for the honor you have done me, but I cannot be your wife.

"I am not what you think I am."

Russell's face expressed a variety of emotions as Allie said this—incredulity, disappointment, but above all a determination to win the girl he loved—all were to be read upon its expressive lineaments.

"I will tell you what my thoughts picture you to be.

"You are as innocent of guile as a baby—a true friend, modest, intelligent, and—may I say it, even if it calls blushes to those fair cheeks, which have grown so white since our interview commenced?—you are my ideal of all that a man could desire in the woman he chooses for his life's companion.

"Have I described you wrongfully?

"Tell me if I have said aught that was false and untrue."

Allie blushed.

"It is a fancy picture you have drawn, Mr. Sturgis.

"I do not feel that I am at all equal to your description.

"I am a plain country-bred girl, and have always tried to do my duty. But I am not one of your brilliant company! I have come from my country home to lead a charmed life for a few months.

"When I go back I shall again be as plainly dressed and as humble in my surroundings as I have been all my previous life.

"Choose from among those who are worthy of you!"

"Tell me one thing before you say any more," and Russell's eyes absolutely compelled Allie to speak the truth he wished to hear.

"Is your reason for refusing to marry me because you cannot love me?"

For the first time Allie faltered.

She could not say anything but that she thought him the noblest, handsomest gentleman she had ever seen, and that he was also the most worthy of a girl's devoted love.

She tried to frame an evasive answer, but her lips refused to obey her.

She burst into tears.

"Do not ask me," she sobbed.

"It is not fair."

"All is fair in love," said Russell triumphantly.

"And my heart tells me that you love me even as I love you!

"Allie, if you will not be my wife, I will go single for your sake all my life! And I'll go and join some exploring expedition to some place where I'll catch the fever! See, now, what depends upon you!"

Allie looked up at the sound of his voice, half bantering, half tender.

She saw that he had read her heart's secret and came to a sudden resolution.

"Dr. Sturgis," she said, "if you will not press me for an answer while I am visiting Dolly, and will come and ask me the same question at my own home, I will answer it then. But until that time we will be good friends—not lovers."

"Agreed," said Russell, "and if I forget myself once in a while, will you be very unforgiving? It will be a great trial for a poor fellow to be kept at such a distance, you know."

Allie smiled, but she said—

"I shall not fear but you will keep your promise, so I shall no be called upon to be a harsh judge."

"That is right, my d rling! Trust me.

"I will not disappoint that trust!" and Russell spoke in all seriousness this time.

Need I say that the following June saw a modest bridal at Allie's home?

I know my readers have been sure from the first that Russell's "country pearl" had gained nothing in his eyes from her fine surroundings, and that he admired her even more at her own home than he had done at Dolly's—that is, if such a thing were possible—so they would not be surprised to hear it.

Winning A Wife.

BY PERCY VERE.

WELL, Peter, have I seen the last of them?

"Really I begin to believe my advertisement reached the eyes of every man in London out of employment, and not yet am I satisfied with a single applicant."

Thus I addressed myself, half to myself, half to my worthy butler, one morning in early May, when for two hours I had been interviewing a horde of men, all anxious to obtain the situation of my private secretary, at figures much less, I ascertained, than those I had set upon in my own mind as a proper estimate and valuation of their services.

Within a year I had fallen heir to my uncle's fortune, and being a bachelor of thirty-five, and somewhat luxurious in my tastes and habits, with perhaps a slight disinclination to labor, I discovered my increasing correspondence so severe a strain upon my time that I determined to find some one to relieve me of at least a portion of the duties I found irksome, hence my advertisement of a few days previous.

I had had in all some two hundred letters perhaps, but from these I selected twenty, nineteen of whom I had already seen.

One, the wording of whose answer, perhaps, had pleased me most, had not yet put in an appearance.

"There is one young person below, sir," responded my good Peter, "but it's not a man, sir.

"It's a young lady."

"A young lady? What can a woman want with me?

"However, I will see her. Show her up, Peter."

A few minutes later a rustling of skirts informed me that my latest visitor had arrived upon the scene.

I looked up to find a young lady of twenty, perhaps, simply, almost shabbily, dressed, but possessing a pair of very pretty eyes, which were taking me in with an intentness which, had I been a bashful man, would certainly have inspired a blush.

As it was, spite of the shabby dress, something in the young woman's air caused me to spring hastily to my feet and beg her to be seated, while she told me in what way I could be of service to her.

"I received a note from you this morning, Mr. Rodman," she replied, in a voice which was at once sweet and refined.

"This, I think, was the hour you named for me to call."

"A note from me?" I could only stammer, in amaze.

Without further argument, she rose, and laying on the table beside me a note, addressed in my own chirography to "G. Thorpe, Esq.," resumed her seat.

"The 'Esq.' was not quite correct, see," she continued; "but I am G. Thorpe.

"The initial stands for Grace."

By all the powers, the writer of the twentieth note was before me, and in petticoats!

"I—I advertised for a male secretary," I explained, half amazed, half amused.

"I am a bachelor, and living in bachelor quarters."

"I inferred it was a man you wished to fill the place, but inasmuch as the duties occupied only certain hours of the day, I thought it might be equally well filled by a woman.

"I am very desirous of such a position. I am a good and rapid writer, and, if my sex is not an insurmountable obstacle, I think that I might give you satisfaction."

As she spoke I remembered the note—short, concise, and withal expressed with a certain elegance of diction.

Even the signature recurred to me—"G. Thorpe."

I smiled to remember that no doubt of the writer being a man had entered my mind.

I had even mentally determined the first name was George.

The idea she presented to me was entirely new.

Yet I really knew no reason why a woman should not do as well as a man.

If she had no objections to accepting the post, I did not know why I should have any to granting it.

She would have her own room, entirely disconnected from my personal suite of apartments, and I should expect to see her but for a short time each morning, to give her directions for her work during the day.

There was no occasion for my remembering her presence any more than that of my housekeeper or the numerous maids.

This, of course, was all mental, but when "G. Thorpe," some fifteen minutes later, bade me good morning, it was understood that from the following Monday, the hours between ten and four belonged to me, on consideration of a certain valuation, which my secretary declared far too liberal.

This frank avowal was the first unbusiness-like expression I had heard her utter.

On Monday morning I awakened with a singular sensation that something unusual was about to happen.

A few moments' consideration resolved the something into the fact that my new secretary was that day to enter upon her duties.

When I entered the apartment I had ordered to be prepared for her—a little study opening out of my library—I found her already at her post.

Her hat and cloak were laid aside, and as she looked up with a grave smile to bid me good morning, I started at the sudden discovery that an extremely pretty woman stood awaiting my orders.

This discovery gave me anything but pleasure.

Instantly I became colder and more reserved.

Of course, I told myself, she would try to fascinate me, and equally, of course ignominious failure would attend her efforts.

As clearly and concisely as possible I tried to make her understand her duties.

For a time I would lay the letters before her with a rough draught of my replies, but later, when she grew accustomed to my mode of expression, I would merely indicate the tone of response, whether negative, affirmative, or the conditions to influence either.

She grasped my ideas very quickly, and at three o'clock sent me her replies.

With one or two exceptions they were wholly satisfactory.

These I took to her to further explain.

I fancied, as I entered the room, she looked weary—there was a sudden sadness in her expression I had not previously detected.

But I refrained from any outspoken sympathy, and was somewhat more curt than usual in giving her the necessary details.

"I am sorry to have been wrong," she said.

"It will take me but a few moments to rewrite these as you desire."

Her very humility angered me.

"They will wait until morning," I replied.

"I prefer you should not work over hours."

But when, an hour later, I looked out of my window, as the street-door closed, I saw that Miss Thorpe had just left, and, going down to the study, I discovered the letters, ready to post, upon the table.

So the first day was marked by an act of disobedience and a discovery—Miss Thorpe was possessed of a will of her own.

Two weeks passed along, everything working smoothly, when my correspondence became more involved.

Some building was being done under my

directions, and I was obliged to inspect plans and go into minute details, so that part of the time Miss Thorpe could only perform the manual labor at my dictation.

It was wonderful how much less irksome I found the task than I had anticipated.

The fears I had had in the beginning that my secretary would attempt to fascinate me died.

Her reserve and dignity equalled my own—nay, exceeded it: for, when I would have led the conversation into other channels, she brought it back to the present with consummate skill.

My secretary had been with me six weeks, and further than that she was G. Thorpe, and infinitely charming, I knew nothing.

I have forborne to state that, just at this period, I was placed in a most delicate and trying position.

By the terms of my uncle's will, I was to marry my cousin, Alice Thornleigh, or forfeit to her one half the estate.

The latter consideration would by no means have induced me to give my hand without my heart, since I was already abundantly provided with this world's goods; but I felt bound in honor to carry out my uncle's wish, so far as meeting my cousin, whom I had not seen since a child, and endeavoring, if possible, to make her the offer enforced upon me by his generosity.

My aunt and cousin had been spending the last eight years in America.

It was just at the time my story begins that they cabled me that they were about to sail for London, so that four weeks previous my cousin and I had met.

I found her a very beautiful girl, but utterly cold and indifferent in manner.

It certainly, however, I told myself, would not be difficult to learn to love her, and I resolutely set myself to the task; yet, at the end of four weeks I was no nearer the desired result than at the beginning of that period.

Indeed, to be no nearer, argued that I was further off, since in such cases to stand still is impossible.

One day, when I had just left Miss Thorpe to her duties, my butler startled me by the announcement that Madam and Miss Thornleigh had honored me by a call.

"We were so anxious to see you in your bachelor apartments, my dear boy!" exclaimed my aunt, as I welcomed her, "that I could not resist the impulse to bring Alice to see you.

"Now you must take us all over and show us everything."

"Everything but one room," was my mental reservation, shrinking involuntarily from that shrill-voiced comment on the occupant of the study.

"Not there," I said, as we entered the library, and my aunt had moved towards the door her quick eye had detected.

"That is my den!"

But as fate would have it, hearing my voice and utterly unsuspecting anything so unwonted as visitors, Miss Thorpe, wishing to ask me some question, herself opened the door.

For a moment the ladies regarded each other in silence.

Then, with a burning blush, Miss Thorpe withdrew, but not before my aunt had drawn herself up with conscious virtue and chilling disapproval.

"My dear," she said, turning to Alice, "we have evidently made a mistake in our intrusion.

"We will remedy it as far as we may by bidding you, cousin, good morning."

"You must not misunderstand the position, however, aunt," I replied eagerly.

"The young lady whom you have just seen is my secretary and amanuensis.

"I should have been frank in the first instance, but I hoped there would be no necessity for explanation."

"I only am to blame for having brought Alice here," was the haughty reply.

And the two ladies swept out of my door.

I stood troubled and perplexed, for a moment, then went into the study.

Miss Thorpe was again busily writing, but I fancied that her face was very pale, and I wondered if she had overheard my aunt's words.

She did not long leave me in doubt.

"It will be two months to-morrow, Mr. Rodman, since I entered upon my engagement with you.

"Will you kindly accept this short notice of my resignation?"

"Your resignation?

"You wish to leave me just when you have learned to understand all my ways, and have made me so dependent upon you?"

So dependent!

Had I really uttered those words, and having uttered could I retract them?

A thousand new ideas went whirling through my brain, but her voice calmed them.

"I have known always," she said, "that my position here was an anomalous one, but I felt by preserving my own dignity and womanhood I could reconcile its necessity to myself.

"I find that I am wrong. Thanks to your generosity, Mr. Rodman, my need is not so great as when I applied to you, and I shall doubtless be able before very long to find some other employment.

"But however this may be, I shall always feel for you the deepest gratitude."

As she spoke the last word her lips quivered and her voice trembled; but I knew now why I had been so indifferent to Alice, and why the hours in the quiet little study had grown so dear to me.

"You say you will be grateful, Grace," I answered.

"Then prove it by remaining with me. I cannot do without my secretary; but we will give the post another name—I cannot do without my wife.

"Grace, darling, when you stole my heart I do not know, but I think on that first morning, when, standing in your shabby dress and hat, I determined to harden it against the wiles and fascinations of G. Thorpe, 'Esq.'"

So I won my wife, and so my cousin Alice came into half my uncle's fortune; but though all this happened long years ago, I have never ceased to be grateful that I gave to the twentieth applicant upon my list the post of my private secretary.

A Strange Story.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

AT last they have given me pen, ink and paper.

At last I can write out my story and send it forth into the world—the world that shall judge me, and whose judgment I do not fear.

I glanced up just now from my busy writing.

What did I see?

A room scrupulously clean and neat, with two or three good pictures upon its walls, and containing some few handsome articles of furniture.

But there is something odd—something wanting.

Oh, I see!

There is not a piece of china, a piece of glass, a single article which lends to any apartment that graceful air of living.

And why?

Because china might be broken, and sharp edges cut.

The view from my two windows is on a large and noble park, but I turn from it shuddering.

Between me and it is grated iron.

Yet I have committed no crime.

I am not in a prison, though a prisoner.

Perhaps you have guessed the secret I am about to tell you.

I am in a madhouse, and they call me mad.

But let me tell you why they brought me here.

Three years ago my beautiful Italian mother died.

You see, it is her foreign blood in my veins which makes me so unlike these cold people, who, because they cannot understand me, say that I am mad.

I was eighteen when my uncle—my father's brother—brought me to this home.

He had but one daughter, a year younger than myself.

She was still at school.

Would that I had never seen her fair, false face!

I should have been Donald wife's then, and now——

But I have not told you of Donald.

He was my uncle's partner.

Though a very young man for so important a position, his services had been so valuable to the firm that they had won him this recognition of them.

To my uncle he was almost as a son.

Indeed, always I think it had been his cherished hope that one day he would sustain to him this relation.

But, be this as it may, he was constantly at our house.

I shall never forget the first day I saw Donald Craig.

I loved him then, I love him now; I shall love him in my grave.

I was sitting alone in the library, gazing dreamily into the fire, when he and uncle Frank entered together.

"Lola, dear," said the latter, "Mr. Craig dines with us to-day. Let me present him to you."

I lifted my eyes then from the fire to his face—the face which haunts me now—the face, with its wonderful eyes and its wonderful smile.

He came forward, and held out his hand with the frank, cordial grace which belonged so peculiarly to him.

I saw his glance rest on me.

I knew that he was amazed at my beauty, and for the first time in my life I gloried in its possession.

We went into dinner later.

He talked, and I listened.

But after dinner of my own accord I went over to the piano, opened it, and sat down.

First I let my fingers idly wander over the keys, then I struck a prelude and began to sing.

The two men ceased talking.

I saw the amazed look look in my uncle's eyes.

I had told him nothing of my wonderful voice—the voice over which great masters had raved and well-nigh wept, because I had money already in abundance, and need not with it coin gold from the public; but I was not singing to him—I was singing to Donald.

Before my song was finished, he had risen and crossed to my side.

I knew that he would come.

No one spoke when I finished.

No one spoke for an hour, when I arose from the piano.

Then my uncle, taking me in his arms, kissed me, and I fancied I felt a tear fall on my face.

Donald drew a long sigh, as of one surfeited with ecstasy.

I talked with him then.

Uncle Frank left us alone together, and I told him of my life abroad—of my mother whom I had left sleeping in her native land—of myself, and the air here which chilled me.

"You think then that we have no heart, no warmth?" he asked.

"I do not stop to ask the question," I answered.

"I only know that I shiver and am cold."

"Poor child! poor little girl!" he murmured tenderly.

He came very often after that evening.

Oh, how I looked forward to his visits! how I hungered for his presence! how I thirsted for his voice!

Yet I knew—knew always—that he did not love me.

I fascinated, I bewildered him, but I could not touch his heart.

In vain I strove to disguise the truth from myself.

It was always before me.

Yet he could not stay away from me.

There were times when he made the effort.

He always failed, and I could see his anger at his failure.

No matter where he was, what he was doing, I could wish and will him to my side.

Of this secret control he had no idea.

But all the same it fretted and galled him.

So the months flitted by, until the summer came, and brought with it, with its sunshine and its birds, of which she seemed so fitting a part, the return of my cousin to her home.

I was, as I have said, but a year her senior, but she seemed to me a veritable child—a doll, a plaything.

She was like a lovely unfolded bud, in her pink and white prettiness, for she was pretty, with her laughing blue eyes and hair of molten gold.

Oh, how I should have loved to have twisted one of its glittering strands about her slender, milk-white throat, until—

But what am I writing?

To you this may sound like madness.

Of course we had met before—she had been home from time to time on her holidays.

But then I had seen nothing, suspected nothing.

It remained for the long summer days and moonlit nights to reveal to me the truth—Donald loved her.

Yes, my uncle's dream bade fair to be fulfilled

Should it?

To my own heart I swore never!

Day by day I saw it coming, this terrible wave of desolation, which so soon would sweep over me—day by day, with all my feeble strength, I fought it back.

Sometimes I had my moments of triumph—sometimes I exerted over him my old fatal fascination, when she was utterly powerless.

One evening she was ill, confined to her room with a severe nervous headache.

He came as usual, and, when told he could not see her, was about to leave.

"Will you not stay?" I asked.

"I think not," he said.

But when he stopped for a few moments' conversation with my uncle, I crossed to the piano and began to sing.

In a minute he was by my side.

I burst into an impassioned love-song—my heart's misery and longing found vent.

I let the last note die in a sob, then I arose, and slipped my hand through his arm.

"Take me into the air," I whispered; "I am stifling."

Together we crossed over to the window opening upon the verandah.

The moon was in its full.

Its rays fell upon our faces.

It revealed the ghastly pallor of his.

I, too, was pale.

"Donald," I whispered.

"Hush!" he said.

"You are a witch!" and turned to leave me.

But I clung with both hands to his arm.

"Dololo!" I cried again.

"If I were indeed a witch, I would make you love me.

"Look at me, Donald.

"Am I hideous in your sight?"

His glance then rested on me, and his eyes deepened and grew dark.

I was dressed in purest white, a crimson rose at my throat, a great mass of them at my belt.

What was this child's prettiness compared to my beauty?

His gaze was fascinated.

I drew a step nearer.

"Donald," I said again.

But now my voice had sunk to a whisper so low that even the night winds failed to catch it—

"Kiss me, just once!"

This time he did not start away.

My words enthralled him.

He bent his handsome head.

In another moment his lips would have touched mine, when a little hand swept away the curtains from the window.

Pale and wondering, Rita looked out at us from the shadows of the room.

In an instant Donald had sprung to her side.

I had forever lost him.

Neither missed me as I passed in and away from them, though I heard her say—

"I felt better, and there was something so strange about Lola's song that it startled me, and I came down to see."

Before she slept that night, she knocked at my door.

"I want to tell you how happy I am," she whispered, as she kissed me.

"To-night Donald asked me to be his wife.

"Yet only a little while ago, as I stood in the window, Lola, and saw you both together, I was almost jealous, but I never shall be jealous again, Donald says.

"It is so strange, too. He is so eager for our marriage.

"He begs that it may take place almost at once.

"He is going abroad, he says, and wants to take me with him."

I don't know how I answered her; but at last she left me alone.

My brain was on fire.

The weeks that followed were weeks of torture.

Everything was hurried preparation for the wedding.

I laughed as I watched it all.

I alone knew that it would never take place.

I did not even longer strive to exercise my power over him.

I fancied sometimes that people watched me strangely, but I was very guarded.

Only, in my own room, I talked and told it over in whispers to myself.

Well, it was the night preceding the wedding.

I had said "Good night," and gone early to my room.

It opened into Rita's with a communicating door.

When she came up upstairs I pretended to be asleep, but she bent over and kissed me.

An hour after I got up and crossed over to my table.

There I took up a pretty little Venetian dagger—a toy which had belonged to my mother.

I smiled as I felt its sharp blade.

"It will not hurt," I whispered: "but she will sleep the sounder."

Then I softly opened the door and entered her room.

She lay on the bed asleep.

One white, rounded arm was thrown above her head, and her lips were smiling.

The face at her throat was not whiter than than her skin.

Why did I not strike at once?

I do not know.

Better—far better—if I had.

I felt no pity, no remorse.

Why should I?

I should give her no pain.

I only stopped to look at her, and think how lovely she would be dressed in her coffin in her wedding-dress.

Yet I was far more lovely than my rival.

My rival!

Yes, that was the secret.

It was for this she must die.

He had dared to scorn me and to love her!

Where was her heart?

There, and there only, must I strike.

Ah, I could see it beat!

I raised my arm.

Another moment and it would have fallen, but in that instant some one seized it from behind, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp.

I turned, to look into my uncle's white, stern face.

From that moment, and for long weeks and months, I remember nothing more.

When I regained consciousness I found myself here—here, behind grated bars, and with human eyes always upon me.

Rita is married, they tell me, but I do not believe them.

Some day Donald will give me love for love.

Yet it was he who first called me mad—he who begged my uncle to sleep that night in Rita's room—begged it so earnestly that he would not refuse.

Ah, he did not know how I could love, when he turned from me to her!

One of these days he will waken to the truth, and come to claim me as his bride.

Why should I try to take my life?

He is coming.

I am content to wait—yes, quite content, and so I smile and let them call me mad.

A HUMAN CURIOSITY. — There is in Hampshire County, West Va., a human monstrosity, which excels anything Barnum ever exhibited. It is a young woman, or child, born in Pennsylvania in 1865, and, therefore, eighteen years old, who is in everything but age an infant. A gentleman who recently saw her, and learned her age from reliable authority, found her lying in a cradle. She is twenty eight inches in height, weighs but twenty-five pounds, cannot walk or talk, and eats nothing but milk, which is fed from a bottle. She has, however, a quick perception and remarkable memory, and a brief poem or sentence repeated to her once, and weeks afterwards again repeated, with but one word varying, arouses her anger, and she frowns at the changed word. An article laid down in the the room and in her sight may be allowed to remain for days; yet the inquiry for it will be answered by the child by pointing in its direction. She is quite an attractive baby, and no reason for her stunted growth has ever been assigned. The facts narrated above seem to be well attested, and many physicians have visited the child without being able to conjecture the cause of her condition.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes.

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

A Fair Friend.

BY HENRY FRITH.

VERNON, stepping down from the carriage that had been sent from Royal Oaks to meet him, thought what a pretty picture she made—that slender graceful young girl standing in the open doorway of the grand old mansion, the westering sunlight slanting across her white-robed figure, and lingering in a glory on her yellow hair and rose-leaf complexion.

Evidently she was expecting some one, and Vernon could not fail to see the look of inquiry in her blue eyes as he went up the steps towards her, and the thought flushed over him that she was like a young saint on her shrine, and he the worshipper.

As he went up nearer her, valise in hand, the look of inquiry suddenly changed into a little flush and smile of assurance.

"I am quite sure this is Mr. Vernon?"

"And so am I.

"Only I am not quite so sure who you are."

He laughed at this informal style of introduction.

"Oh, I am Genevieve—haven't you ever heard Mr. Bascom speak of me?"

"I have not seen or heard from my grandfather for twenty years," he said gravely, "and I only come now in obedience to his dying request."

A surprised look was in her face.

"You have not come much too soon," she answered.

"Mr. Bascom asks for you every few minutes, and I told him I would watch for the carriage and bring you at once when you came.

"Shall I take you to him now?

"He is alone, but for Miss Carlyon."

Vernon followed her in through the magnificent hall, paved with colored marble in fanciful patterns, thinking with a curious little sensation that it was the first time in a score of years that he had crossed the threshold of Royal Oaks—to whom he should rightfully be sole heir, but which in all human probability, he never would possess, because of a deep-rooted long standing grudge his grandfather held against him—because he was his mother's child, and she had married Otis Vernon against her father's consent.

And because young Vernon had his father's name and his father's looks and manners, old Mr. Bascom had one day told him he needn't come to Royal Oaks any more, because as his mother was dead, there was no longer any medium of welcome for him.

So—for the first time in twenty years, Otis Vernon crossed the threshold of Royal Oaks, and met his fate when he looked in Genevieve's sweet blue eyes.

Everything was so strange to him—this lovely fair-haired girl, whose name was Genevieve, the other splendid-looking woman who was sitting by the man's bed, and whom Genevieve briefly presented—"Miss Carlyon, Mr. Vernon"—a creamy-skinned, crimson-lipped girl, with eyes and hair like midnight.

Old Mr. Bascom gave him a sniff of perforce welcome.

"You and Genevieve may leave the room," he said to Miss Carlyon, in his sharp autocratic way, that remembering so well, seemed the only familiar thing about it all.

Then he told Otis to come up beside the bed.

"I didn't send for you because I especially wanted to see you on my own account," he said abruptly.

"You know I am not in the habit of mincing matters, and I see no reason for doing any differently because I happen to be on my dying bed."

It seemed strange, impossible to realize that those hard imperious words came from a dying man, and Vernon was at a loss to know what to say.

"I came at once when you sent," he answered courteously.

"And it is a good thing that you did," the old man replied curtly.

"What I have to say to you is just this.

"I leave a fortune and estate and valuables worth just exactly two hundred thousand dollars.

"If you want it you can have it by marrying Miss Carlyon.

"If you don't marry her, you can't have it.

"That's all there is about it.

"It's all down in my will, but the will is not to be opened until one month from the day I die.

"You have your choice.

"You can do just as you please."

Vernon met steadily the hard, almost cruel eyes that looked up from the pinched pale face.

"I think you know you are asking an impossibility.

"The lady of whom you speak is an entire stranger to me.

"In a month's time it is not at all likely I would learn to care anything for her to order."

Vernon spoke coldly, proudly, and as he spoke it occurred to him that a month, a week would be too long in which he could be taught to tell the yearning-eyed Genevieve he loved her.

"You can do just as you please of course," Mr. Bascom said.

"That's all I have to say.

"I suppose they'll give you a room somewhere—you'd better stay now you are here until after it's over. You can have an opportunity of getting acquainted with Miss Carlyon."

But the end was not quite at hand yet.

Vernon stayed because he liked to be where Genevieve was, with whom he had come to be wonderful friends.

She told him she was a protegee of Mr. Bascom's, but that Augusta—Miss Carlyon—had superseded her in his favor.

Vernon watched Miss Carlyon very carefully.

She was undeniably handsome and charming in her manners.

She could sing and play and read aloud most exquisitely, whereas little Genevieve was no elocutionist whatever, and only played simple little pieces, and sang the easiest ballads.

Yet Otis Vernon fell desperately in love with her, and before one week had gone by had made up his mind that he would marry her if she would have him, and the two hundred thousand be lost so far as he was concerned.

It was not without a struggle though—Otis Vernon would have been more or less than human had he been placidly willing for such a fortune to pass him even for the sake of such a darling as Genevieve was, with her truthful wistful blue eyes that lighted so at sight of him.

And Augusta Carlyon, who could have dowered him so royally, was no ordinary insignificant woman, who would have pallied upon the man she favored.

She was proud and reserved and elegant, and she did not in the least interfere in the very pronounced devotion between the lovers, and so everything went quietly along until—

One stormy July night, when a thundershower that had threatened for hours, burst over Royal Oaks in fury, and then settled into a pouring rain storm.

Mr. Vernon had spent the evening with Genevieve in the library, and had told her in a lover's frank confidence just what was before him, according to his grandfather's will, and took her in his arms and told her how infinitely he preferred her and her sweet love to all the goods the gods could give him.

He asked her if she would be his wife, and told her how he loved her in all of love's most eloquent words.

And Genevieve, with a little happy smile on her baby-sweet mouth, and an upward rapturous look of her innocent blue eyes, did not say him nay.

"I almost believe I loved you that very first day, Otis," she said.

"And I know I did, my darling, when I saw you standing there in the flickering sunlight, looking like a saint throned on her shrine.

That was at eight o'clock of that wet July night, and at eleven a servant rapped on Vernon's door—would he please go at once to Mr. Bascom; Miss Carlyon begged he was very much worse, and she was alarmed at his symptoms.

Vernon found Augusta dismayed and anxious—but the thought that first flushed over him as he opened the door and saw her leaning over the sufferer, was how beautiful she was.

The next, how marvelously well she had played her cards to have become so great a favorite with this rich old man.

She lifted her splendid eyes in anxious questioning to him as he came towards her.

"I do not understand his symptoms," she said dismayedly.

"Dr. Fortune told me what to expect—but there was nothing said of such agony as this.

"See—oh it is terrible!

"Do send Davis at once for Doctor Fortune, Mr. Vernon!"

That the old man was in mortal agony was apparent, and Vernon instantly despatched a carriage for the doctor, then returned to the bedside.

"I have done all I could," Augusta said pitifully.

"But I cannot endure to see him suffer so."

Vernon looked straight at her.

"Are you so much attached to my grandfather?"

A very faint little flush went into her cheeks.

"He has been very good to me," she said simply.

"He heard me sing, and volunteered to cultivate my voice, and it ended in my coming to the beautiful home."

"And completely ruining Genevieve's chances," he said, so sternly that he felt chagrined as he saw the look on her face.

A look that instantly changed to one of haughty coldness.

"Genevieve has not chosen to devote herself to her best friend.

"I have."

A little sneering smile was on his handsome mouth, he almost answered her that she had played for high stakes and played well.

He was surprised at her next words—abrupt eager.

"You do not like me, Mr. Vernon, why I cannot tell, but at risk of offending you beyond hope, I shall say this to you, Genevieve——"

He stopped her by an imperative gesture.

"I shall hear nothing unkind against the charming girl who has honored me by promising to be my wife."

Their eyes met in a glance almost defiant.

Then Miss Carlyon's lips relaxed into a slow almost mad smile.

"You are right.

"We will not speak of her.

"Mr. Vernon, do you think Mr. Bascom is easier?"

"I should say he was.

"Can you not leave him to me until the doctor gets here?

"You must be worn out—you look very tired."

His sudden kindness of speech made her cheeks flush.

"Thank you.

"I am tired, and I have done all that any one can do.

"If you will be so good as to watch by him—ten minutes or so, while I gain a little rest——"

She went away, and Vernon, seeing the quiet into which the old man was relapsing, laid himself down on the lounge at the head of the bed, to wait until the doctor should come, and to think over the intense happiness that had come to her that night.

When, silently, softly, stealthily, with a glance around the apparently unguarded room, Genevieve came in, went up to the little marble-top medicine table, and hastily, but firmly poured half a dozen drops of some liquid, from a vial in her hand, into the goblet of medicine, and then glided away as she had come, leaving Vernon paralyzed with horror and fear, scarcely able to speak to Dr. Fortune as he came into the room a moment later.

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost," he said, and then stepped up to the bedside, and gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Bascom is dead," he said, then Miss Carlyon coming in, related all the strange symptoms.

"It looks like a case of poisoning," Dr. Fortune said gravely, and all Vernon's pulses seemed stopping as he walked to the table and took up the goblet of medicine, and examined it closely, with a face graver and graver.

"Somebody has done it," he said solemnly.

"There will have to be an investigation here."

* * * * * * *

Sitting in her wrapper beside her window Genevieve read the penciled note that somebody had thrust under her door five minutes before.

"For Heaven's sake get away as quick as you can!

"I was a witness to all you did.

"I can understand your motive—to have us think your fortunate rival was in haste to secure her fortune, so that you might profit by her disgrace.

"But I cannot endure to think that the woman whom I have kissed is in danger of the hangman's rope.

"Get away for Heaven's sake.

"Good-bye."

And when daylight came, Genevieve was far away, and no one ever saw her afterwards.

* * * * * *

Six months later Otis Vernon stood before Augusta Carlyon, grave, eager, earnest.

"If you do not think me unworthy, Augusta.

"I was sure I loved—her—but——?

"Your sweetness and patience and goodness to her taught me my own heart's needs, and, besides, you know what my grandfather's will says.

"Dear, will you take me, and let us blot out all the horror of the past, and make Royal Oaks the bonniest, happiest home that wedded lovers ever had?"

And she laid her head on his breast, and let him kiss her for yes.

PRESSED TO DEATH.—In early times it was considered that criminals accused of felony could not be properly tried unless they consented to the trial by pleading and putting themselves on the country.

After reading the indictment to him the question was put: "How say you—are you guilty or not guilty?"

If he said "Not guilty," the next question was: "Culprit, how will you be tried?" To which the prisoner had to answer, "By God and my country." If he wilfully omitted either portion of that answer he was said to stand mute, and a jury was sworn to say whether he stood mute of malice or mute by the visitation of God.

If they found him mute of malice, that was equivalent to pleading in cases of treason or misdemeanor; but in cases of felony he was condemned, after much exhortation, to be stretched naked on his back, and to have iron laid upon him, as much as he could bear, and more, and so to continue, fed upon bad bread and stagnant water on alternate days, till he either pleaded or died.

This strange rule was not abolished till the year 1771, when standing mute in cases of felony was made equivalent to a conviction.

A case actually occurred as late as 1726, when one Burnwater, accused at Kingston assizes of murder, refused to plead, and was pressed for an hour and three-quarters with nearly four hundred-weight of iron, after which he pleaded not guilty and was convicted and hanged. In 1658 a Major Strangeways was pressed to death. The object of refusing to plead was that, as in that case there was no conviction, no forfeiture took place, and the property of the accused person was thus preserved for his heir.

SHOW me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself.

MALARIA from the undrained Pontine marshes, near Rome, is a terror to travellers. Ayer's Ague Cure is an effectual protection from the disease, and a cure for those who have become its victims. It works just as effectually in all malarial districts on this side of the sea. Try it.

New Publications.

Her Two Husbands and other novelettes, Emile Zola's latest book, just published, is one of those delicious litary morsels which everybody will greedily devour. It is a decided surprise and a most delightful one. Zola has produced many great books, but nothing brighter, better or more striking than this. The novelettes are so many masterpieces, both in construction and theme, while the variety given is almost endless. There are love scenes, coquetry, murder, the duello, gallantry, thievery, honesty, sincerity, deception and flirtation. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the *Nursery* for August is full of pretty stories, poems and pictures for the younger children. Special attention is paid to making everything in its pages just suited to the class for whom it is written, so that it one of the best Magazines for little readers published.
The Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. $1.50 yer year.

A new and acceptable contribution to the literature of the day is "Dio Lewis' Monthly." As might be supposed from the talented doctor's editorship it is devoted to health matter ge erally though not absolutely. There is a great deal of most fresh and entertaining reading by writers on other subjects as well. The points advanced on hygienic matters are all treated in a simple popular style, and should command the most thoughtful attention from all classes. The magazine fills a place exclusively its own, and if the numbers to come are near as good as the one before us, it should become a faronte. Not the least of its recommendations is the excellent paper and fine large type used in the printing. $2.50 per year. Clarke Bros., New York, Publishers.

An anonymous novel, "The Bread-Winners," begins in *The Century* for August. As in former years, this number is called the "Midsummer Holiday number." It contains richly illustrated articles, short stories, sketches, poems, and breezy out-of-door papers especially adapted to the summer season. One of its features is a handsomely illustrated article on "Bob White, the Game Bird of America." Joel Chandler Harris contributes another group of his "Nights with Uncle Remus," H. H., one of her profusely illustrated articles on "Southern California Missions," and W. D. Howells offers the most entertaining chapters yet given of "A Woman's Reason." "The Silk Dress Story" and "The New Minister's Great Opportunity" are two short stories of a humorous character. John Burroughs writes with rigor and charm about the Carlyles, and Henry James has an admirable essay on the leading French novelist of the day—Alphonse Daudet, of whom a full page portrait is given. There are also illustrated articles upon the works of "Mr. Watts at the Grosvenor Gallery," "The Oldest Club in America," etc. The poetry of the number includes five "Songs of the Sea," by different writers, accompanied by a full-page engraving, "The Rock in the Sea," by Elbridge Kingsley; two pages of "Love Poems by Louis Barnaval," and several bright and humorous verses in the Bric-a-Brac department. The Century Co., New York.

The August *St. Nicholas* is essentially a holiday number, taking its readers away from the great cities to the mountains and sea-side, by the brooks and the breakers. The leading features are, "Our Special Artist," an illustrated story dealing with the varied experiences and laughable failures of a boy who undertakes amateur photography; "Fly-fishing for Black Bass," a seasonable paper by Maurice Thompson; "Lady of the Congregation," an amusing and exciting sea story by the Rev. Chas. R. Talbot, "Zanita's Fortune," a story for girls, by Kate Tannatt Woods, and two serials by J. T. Trowbridge and Edward S. Ellis. In "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," Harry M. Kieffer relates how he "Went down to Jerusalem" and fell among thieves. There are in addition stories, sketches, jingles and pictures by a score of writers and artists. The Century Co., New York.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine has the following contents for August. Aunt Libbie's Good-Bye, Facts about Friday, The Country, Fancies in Ferns and Mosses In Woodland, The Lesson of the Flowers, The Fatal Prescription, The Old Fair Story, Co-education of the Sexes, An Appeal, Seaside Sketches, The Van Alten Title, "Business," The Sixth Commandment, Sonnets to the Seasons, etc., etc. The well-filled departments however are in themselves, more than worth the subscription. 227, S. 6th St., Philadelphia. $2.00 per year.

STRAW.—Straw to be bleached must be soaked in a solution of one pound of chloride of lime two ounces of pearlash to one gallon of water. When the straw has acquired a light brown color, it is washed first in water and then in a solution of bisulphite of sodium.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

TAKE CARE.

BY PIPKIN.

DO you keep pets? I was going to say.

Of course you do.

At all events, there are very few children who do not.

Now, I should not like to know that any of my young readers ever neglected their pets.

Still, the warning conveyed in my title is sometimes needed.

So I will relate one or two little stories, which I think will make those who are careful of their pets glad that they are so, and I hope teach those who are not careful to be so.

My first story is about—

WILLIE'S WHITE MICE.

"Willie, Willie, look here!

"If you leave your mice about like this you'll have them die.

"The idea of your leaving the poor little things out in the garden, and in the rain too!

"Whatever could you have been thinking about?

"Why, if I hadn't happened to go out just as I did, they would have been left there all night I do believe; and if the cold and wet had not killed them the cats would!"

The speaker was Willie's elder sister, Rachel, who now handed him the cage all dripping wet.

"Oh my!" said Willie; "I forgot all about them.

"But I should have thought of them presently.

"Besides, it didn't rain when I was out there."

"Well, but rain or no rain, how careless it was of you, Willie!" returned his sister.

"And as to you thinking of them presently, I am afraid you would have gone to bed without another thought about them.

"You really ought to be more careful; you ought indeed!"

Willie felt that he had no answer to make to his sister's reproof, so he took the cage without a word, and put it safely away in its place for the night.

Do you think his sister's rebuke made him more thoughtful in the future?

I am sorry to say it did not.

It was only a few minutes after this conversation that just before he went to bed, after playing with his mice all the evening, he took them out into the out-house to place them on the topshelf as usual, out the way of the cat.

But when he got there, he found that the chair which he used to stand upon in order to reach the shelf was covered with chips of wood and tools that he had been doing something with earlier in the evening.

He put the cage on the ground to clear the chair, and having done so, went away with his usual thoughtfulness, and forgot all about his mice.

His sister and his mother were both busy upstairs, and it was not until a good while after Willie had gone to bed that Rachel said "I wonder whether Willie put his mice away safely?

"I suppose I had better go and see; he is so very careless."

She took a candle, and went down.

And what do you thing she saw?

The cage upon the floor, and the cat with one mouse in her mouth, and the other lying dead beside her.

She must have slipped in as Willie went out, and finding the cage on the floor, scratched at it and knocked it about, until she got the door open and secured her prey.

When Rachel found that both mice were killed, her first thought was to beat the cat well; but before she could catch her, she reflected that puss had only followed her natural instinct, and that it was Willie who was really to blame for carelessly leaving the poor little things in her reach.

Of course, Willie was dreadfully shocked when he discovered the fate of his pets.

He felt that he had been guilty of a grevious fault, for the little creatures had been taken under his care and protection, and it was his duty to see that no harm befell them.

Whether he ever had any more pets I do not know; but if he did, let us hope that he was more thoughtful, and careful of them than he was of his white mice.

The next story I have to tell you is the story of—

CHARLIE'S KITTEN.

Charlie's kitten was a little tabby fellow, so plump and round, that the moment Charlie first set eyes upon him him he christened him "Chubby," and as Chubby he was known from that time forward.

Now, Master Chubby was as wayward a little puss as ever mewed, and gave Charlie no end of trouble to keep him from being lost.

Sometimes he would scamper off into the street and down somebody else's area, or into somebody else's garden, and Charlie would go from house to house seeking for him.

At other times he would hide away for hours, no one know where, and just as he was about being given up for lost would walk in as quietly as if nothing had happened.

But one evening it was thought that Master Chubby would never be found again.

He had disappeared in a mysterious manner early in the day, and had never been seen since.

Charlie had hunted for him everywhere, and was at last obliged to go to bed with the sad feeling that Chubby would never be seen again.

He was so distressed that he could not sleep, but lay awake hour after hour thinking of his loss.

The night was very dark, with rain and wind, and Charlie was an exceedingly timid child.

As he lay there listening to the rain as it beat against his window, and the wind as it moaned in the chimney, he felt very dull and lonely.

By-and-by he thought that, mingled with the sound of the rain and wind, he heard a faint mewing.

He strained his ears to listen.

He even jumped up in the bed, dark as it was.

Yes, he was certain of it, it was Chubby's voice.

The silly little creature ought to be let in.

But how could he go down the dark stairs to the garden door? He shrank from the thought.

He would call his mother and tell her that his kitten was there.

But then he reflected that baby was poorly and cross, and that if she were awakened mother would perhaps get no more sleep that night.

He hesitated.

Chubby mewed louder than ever.

He determined to brave the darkness and go down himself.

So he fumbled about for something to throw round him, and crept down the dark stairs, trembling with fear at every step he took.

He let in the troublesome little truant, all soaked and dripping, shut him up in the kitchen, and crept upstairs to bed again, wondering at his own bravery.

And he was brave!

He thought that he ought to go down, and he went.

And he who fears dangers and yet faces it because duty calls him, is the bravest of the brave.

CARRIE AND HER CANARY.

Carrie Hill's canary was a birthday present from one of her aunts.

He was a pretty little creature, and a beautiful singer; and he and his young mistress soon became very much attached to each other.

Every morning he would wake her from her slumbers with his cheerful song, and the first thing Carrie did when breakfast was over was to see that "Dicky's" cage was nice and clean, and that he had a proper supply of food and water.

Now, it happened one day, in the beautiful summer weather, that Carrie's papa and mamma were to take her along with her aunt and cousins for a picnic in the woods.

When the happy morning came, bright and sunny, Carrie was so much excited with the prospect of the pleasure in store, and the hustle of getting ready, that when she went to Dicky's cage to fill his glasses with food and water, she committed a very sad blunder.

My young readers know, of course, that the glasses which contain the seeds and water for a bird in a cage have a round opening on one side, through which the little creature put its head to eat and drink.

Now, Carrie filled the water glass as usual, but in fixing it in its place in the cage she turned it round, with the opening outwards, so that poor Dicky could not get at the water.

Then, not noticing what she had done, she hung the cage in its place, and went merrily to her preparations for the picnic.

Of course she enjoyed herself very much in the romps and pastimes of the day, never dreaming that through all its long sultry hours poor Dicky was parching with thirst.

When at sunset they started for home, Carrie's papa and mamma were persuaded by her aunt to go to her house and spend the evening with her, and when Carrie arrived home somewhat later than her usual bed-time, she was so tired out that she thought of nothing but getting to her rest.

In the morning, much later than usual, the child awoke from her heavy slumbers, and was struck by the strange stillness of the room.

Dicky's cheerful song did not greet her ears.

There was not even the sound of his restless fluttering about the cage.

A sudden fear smote her.

She jumped up in haste and ran to the cage.

Dicky was lying at the bottom quite dead!

She looked at his water glass to see if he had water, and saw at once what a sad mistake she had made.

"Oh, my poor dear Dicky!" she cried, as she opened the cage and took him out, "Oh, my poor Dicky!"

And without waiting to dress, she ran to her mamma's room crying—

"Oh, mamma, mamma!

"Dicky's dead!"

"Why, what have you been doing with him?" asked mamma, much concerned.

"Oh, mamma, he hasn't had a drop of water all night and all day yesterday.

"I turned his glass around the wrong way, and he couldn't get at it.

"And Mary ought to have seen to it, and she didn't."

"I don't think you can blame Mary," said mamma.

"You know you never liked her to interfere with it, and it is not likely that she thought anything at all about it. How could you be so forgetful as to turn his glass round like that?"

A burst of tears was the child's only answer.

How she blamed herself for being so very thoughtless.

How she wished there had been no picnic at all!

To think that her poor little Dicky, so dear to her, should have been killed by her own neglect!

And she crept away to her room, once so cheerful with Dicky's merry songs and now so sad and silent, and cried the livelong day.

Now, we must not judge Carrie Hill too harshly, because her mistake was one which, in similar circumstances, any child might have made.

Yet the story shows how very careful we ought to be for the welfare of the helpless creatures whose charge we may have undertaken, and especially whom we desire, as Carrie did, to have the entire care of them ourselves.

Let me end my little narrative as I began it, with the hope that if there are any of my readers who are not as careful of their pets as they ought to be, the perusal of these simple stories will teach them to be so.

A HERO AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY FRITH.

NELLIE, what nonsense is this?

"Who has been putting such notions in your head?"

"No one has had anything to do with it.

"Don't be getting jealous, and imagining all sorts of things."

"I wish to Heaven I could imagine you loved me," replied the young man bitterly.

"You are an old bear.

"What is the matter with you to-night?

"Haven't I just shown you how much I love you, by asking you to be a hero?"

"Hero fiddlesticks!

"Here I am with a snug little income, a home nearly ready for us, and we might be as happy as birds, but you must want me to execute some wonderful deed that will bring me before the eyes of the world, then, being proud of me, you will marry me!

"Bah!

"Call that love?

"I will start for the Sioux country to-morrow, so good-bye till you see me again."

And before Nellie could speak he was gone out into the darkness.

"Good-bye till to-morrow," called a tantalizing voice after him.

Nellie was, in the main, a nice girl, but having lost her mother in early childhood, had been brought up by an elder sister, who had petted and spoiled her, until it was no wonder she was so wilful.

Besides which, too much novel reading had filled her head with sentimental nonsense.

Though really loving Harry Schuyler, she had lately taken to the idea that she wanted a hero, greatly to her sister's distress, who feared that Harry would tire of her waywardness and leave her, and she knew that Nellie would never again win such a man.

He was independent in a small way, and a promising engineer, so that Nellie could have a good home from the first.

She began to see her own short-sightedness in bringing Nellie up as she had.

"Where is Harry?" she asked, as Nellie came in from the porch.

"Oh, he's gone, with a 'good-bye till I see him again.'

"He never even left a 'good night' for you."

"Nellie, what have you been doing now?

"I know by your manner Harry has gone off with his feelings hurt again. Listen to me, Nellie.

"You will loose him entirely, one of these days, and if you do, you will lose your life's happiness."

"Oh, my!

"What a good sister you are to lecture!

"Guess I'll have to retire and think it over, so ta-ta-ta!

"Did you put Teddy in my bed?

"He wanted to sleep with me to-night."

"Yes, he is there.

"Tom has not come in yet from town meeting, so I shall wait for him.

"But, seriously, Nell—I wish you would think of what I have said."

"About the town meeting?

"All right.

"I don't think myself, that husbands have any right to spend their evenings at town meetings, leaving their wives at home alone.

"I wouldn't let mine, if I had one."

"Dear me, what am I to do with her?" exclaimed Mrs. Ross, as Nellie danced out of the room.

"With whom, my dear?" asked her husband, coming in just in time to hear her remark.

"With Nell.

"Harry has gone off in a huff again and I am sure she will tire him out with her caprices."

"Let them alone; it will come out all right.

"Young people have to learn for themselves.

They never profit by experiences of others."

In the meantime the subject of their discussion was soon in bed, clasping Teddy's hand in hers, without a fear to disturb her rest.

How long she had slept she could not have told, when she was sitting up in bed surrounded by smoke and flames.

Nearly suffocated, she rushed to the door, tore it open, and started for the staircase, only to find all escape in that direction cut off.

Turning back, she ran to her sister's room to find that John had lowered his wife from the piazza roof, with the assistance of neighbors, but had burned himself too badly to aid her.

She would have jumped from the window had not some one restrained her, and lifted her out.

Just as she reached the ground a cry rang out on the air—

"Teddy, my boy:

"Where is my boy?"

In her own panic she had forgotten the child.

"Save my boy, my child!"

"Where is he?" asked a well known voice.

"Oh Harry, in my room!

"Save him!

"Save my boy!"

"It can't be done," said a bystander.

"It shall be!"

And before any one could interpose Harry Schuyler had entered the burning house.

"Harry!

"Come back!"

Then all was hushed, but the roar of the flames and the sound of crackling timbers.

The crowd held its breath.

The flames would have two victims instead of one.

But, at an upper window, some one appeared with a burden in a blanket, which he carefully lowered.

Then before he could climb out himself, the wall fell with a crash.

The scene that followed was heartrending.

Teddy was dead.

Too late had his rescuer reached him.

The smoke had done its work, although the flames had not touched him.

As for Harry, when they found him, they reverently covered him from sight; but Nellie, with a scream of agony, threw herself upon him—to find herself sitting up in bed!

"Auntie, auntie, what is the matter with you?

"What makes you cry so?" piped a small voice, as Nellie began to realize that the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and Teddy clinging to her arm in fright, while the first beams of the rising sun struck across her pillow, just where her head had been.

"Oh, Teddy, I've had such a dream!" she exclaimed.

"Was it about Mr. Harry?"

"Yes.

"Why?"

"Because you said—

"'Harry, Harry!' then you began to cry, and scared me so. Auntie, is Mr. Harry a hero?"

"Child, what are you talking about?" asked Nellie.

"I heard you say somefin about having a hero, and he comes here so often I s'posed he must be one."

"And so he is one—a thousand times over to me!

"Teddy, do you suppose you could take something to him for me, before breakfast if I give you some nice candy?"

"Course I could.

"What is it?

"Somefin good to eat?"

"Wait and see."

Nellie ran to her writing-desk, and wrote a most penitential little note that set Harry to wondering, when he received it, what had come over her and made him long to rush right off to her, the early hour notwithstanding.

"She sent somefin else," said Teddy, after watching to see the effect produced by his errand.

"She did?

"Then why don't you give it to me?" he asked.

"Cause she said I wasn't to, 'less you asked for it."

"How can I when I don't know what it is?"

"Well, I'll give it, anyhow."

And puckering his lips into a perfect rosebud, he gave Harry a kiss, and was off like a flash.

Mrs. Harry Schuyler never told her husband why she changed her mind so suddenly, but he has never had reason to regret his choice.

To take tar and shoemaker's wax out of clothing, break an egg and take the yolk alone and rub the soiled parts with it till the tar softens and comes out, then with water.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow:
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smaller fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play:
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten then and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest true endeavor
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page:
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the scythes are making hay
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

ETIQUETTE IN COURTS.

AN old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family, it shall be officially announced that a "vigorous" infant has come into the world.

The Queen of Spain having become the mother of a sickly child which lived only two hours, the Court Journal chronicled the birth and death in the usual way: "Her Majesty was delivered at three o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at five."

The Epoca at Madrid lately reported that the town-council of Seville, having had an interview with Alfonso XII., "kissed the feet of His Majesty, and withdrew." It is not to be supposed that the councillors actually went down on all-fours and kissed the king's boots; but etiquette demanded that they should be said to have done so, because a town-council does not stand on the same level of dignity as the Cortes, whose members are supposed to kiss hands when they take leave.

The three letters, B. S. P. (*beso sus pies*), which means, "I kiss your feet," are still used by gentlemen in Spain when signing letters addressed to ladies, and by subjects to their king.

The letters B. S. M. (*beso sus manos*), which are used by men writing to men, and by ladies to ladies, would seem too cavalier from a gentleman to a lady, and downright impertinence from a subject to his sovereign.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke d'Aosta's unpopularity during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was, that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the Escurial, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as "Senor Caballero."

He one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling sun, to put on his hat; forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover himself in the royal presence, he created him a Grandee. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's headdress out of his hand, and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money; and a few days later, when Prim was assassinated, a rumor was circulated among the people—but without truth, it seems—that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a Grandee was an accessory to the crime.

On another occasion, King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as *tu*. Happily, the man was an Italian; for, as a court chamberlain represented to His Majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity, might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had ennobled him.

Another thing which the much-worried Italian Prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write, *Yo El Roy* ("I the King.")

Prince Gortschakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in his relations with the Czar and the Imperial family. Lord Dufferin, asking him whether the Emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer in a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half closed: "His Majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning."

The Duke de Morny said of Gortschakoff that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, "even of the Grand Duchess Olga's monkey."

But possibly this imperturbable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this earth, for Gortschakoff remained prime-minister throughout the whole of the late Emperor's reign.

The man who would be perfect in the knowledge of court ways has a great deal to learn about the times and circumstances when he may or may not do this or that. Two seasons ago, during a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, an American couple caused a sensation by pressing forward and shaking the Queen's hand. They might have done this without any great impropriety if they had met the Duchess of Lancaster at Nice; and, indeed, when the Duchess of Lancaster holds out her hand, it would be a solecism in manners to kiss it as if it were the hand of a queen.

Grains of Gold.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

When the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

Nothing helps the memory so much as order and classification.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.

Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.

A girl should be taught to despise two things thoroughly—idleness and aimlessness.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

Let us cling to our Father in Heaven, as a child, walking in the night, clings to his father's hand.

Who does the best his circumstances allows, does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

Our true knowledge is to know our own ignorance. Our own strength is to know its own weakness.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Life is not so excessively charged with sweetness that one needs to be continually throwing in acids or bitters.

The homes are the grand training-schools where men and women are being fashioned and sent out into the world.

A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object—self: but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

If you desire to make your children beloved, or even tolerated by other people, teach them to be polite and to take pride in being ladies and gentlemen.

The well-regulated life must be its own judge of what pleasures and amusements are proper and best. One inflexible rule should be to engage in nothing that is in itself wrong.

If any one tells you such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute her in that particular, but answer, "Had she known all my faults she would not have spoken only of that one."

Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance.

As in walking it is your greatest care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind, or offend your judgment.

Were we not false to the mighty principle of Love Divine, and traitors, and in league with our enemies, the gospel would be our champion against all adversities, and maintain for us a perpetual communion with God.

If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor.

Plain, straightforward morality and every day righteousness are better than all emotion and dogmatism and churchism, says the world, and Christianity says much the same; but plain, straightforward righteousness and every-day morality come more surely when a man is keeping close to Christ.

Femininities.

Women's fear—That her neighbor's bonnet will be handsomest.

The turn of the "tied"—Starting homeward after the wedding trip.

San Francisco has a fire-bug who is a girl of fourteen, and a church member.

Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies? General Housework.

The mother who saw a baby prettier than her own has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

When a woman with three children crowds into the upper berth of a sleeping-car a collision is the least calamity to be expected.

The right of women to bare arms in this country is soon to be extended by a French fashion of wearing nothing at all on the left arm and shoulder.

A Camden, N. J., woman is accused by her husband of refusing to "keep her mouth shut" for fear of being arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

"Don't you dance at all this evening, madam?" "Not till midnight." "Why so?" "Because to-day is the anniversary of my husband's death."

The duration of a kiss has been found to be from half a second to one and a quarter minutes, according as to whether you are kissing your wife or the hired girl.

My husband must be my superio for since both nature and the law gives him preeminence, I should be ashamed of him if he did not in reality deserve it.

A female fiend in Texas, whose misnomer is given as "Mrs. Christian," is reported to have confessed that during her lifetime she has murdered seven men for their money.

A girl at Cape May playfully threw sand into the eyes of a young man who scrutinized her bathing attire too closely, and there is danger that he will never look at anything again.

Queen Victoria does not indulge in the affectation of pretending not to read the newspapers. She takes a morning and an evening daily and several weeklies. She is fond of novels, too.

Prejudices against lady college students as waiters has induced some of the White Mountain hotel-keepers to announce that they will not be employed this season. As tray-carriers they are not a success.

The woman who leaves church with a sense of inability to describe the dress of her neighbor in the next pew, does it with a deep feeling of sensibility that somehow or other she has been remiss in her duty.

A sensation has been caused in Vienna by the announcement that the great financier, Baron Wodianer, is engaged to marry his housekeeper. In wealth and influence the Baron is second only to the Rothschilds.

It is said the sixty damsels who were recently compelled to fly from fire in the Milwaukee Female College in their night dresses, did not mind it much. Most of them are wealthy, and had their garments beautifully edged with real lace.

The average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street-car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day Sunday squeezed into a buggy-seat beside her young man, and not find the least fault. Why are they so inconsistent?

A father at Atlantic City, angry with his daughter for receiving attentions from a young man whom he did not like, told her that as a punishment she should go to a convent or have her teeth pulled. She chose to lose her teeth, and gave a job to a dentist.

A young lady recently remarked that "some men are always talking about patronizing their own town—always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married. I do hope that some of these men who marry outsiders will get cheated."

A prominent physician says that if mothers did not take up the senseless prattle of babies and hurl it back to them, under the plea that it is "baby-talk," children would sooner learn how to talk plain. They repeat the jumble of syllables that they first hear.

A man uptown made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead-pencil. The man won; time, fourteen minutes and forty seconds. It is thought that the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead-pencil inside of five minutes.

When Gen. Grant's servants refer to him anything that Mrs. Grant has directed, he is described as saying to them. "I want you to understand that Mrs. Grant's wish is my wish. I shall not discuss the matter. See that her orders are carried out." The General always had the credit of being a most true and loyal husband.

A woman, having married unhappily, went to an old maid, who had been the intimate friend of her girlhood, and poured out her sorrow without reserve. "I am sorry for you," said the sympathetic spinster; "I am sorry you got married." "Thank you!" retorted the wife, "but I would have you to know that my husband is better than none at all."

The Viscountess Folkestone's orchestra is this season's fashionable wonder in London. It is composed of twenty-one women and girls, among whom are four countesses, two viscountesses, and a marchioness. They play at aristocratic gatherings and to general audiences for charity. Their leader uses a baton like a professional in conducting, and trains them to produce very fair music.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake says: "If twenty boys were brought up in the same way as girls—laced, kept indoors, taught sewing, embroidery, and playing the piano, what sort of young men would they be at twenty-one?" And if twenty girls were brought up in the same way as boys—laced (with a strap), allowed the run of the streets and the saloons, taught the "accomplishments" of masculine life, what sort of young women would they be at twenty-one?"

News Notes.

Robert Bonner now owns one hundred and seventy horses.

An Alabama man has a child with three tongues. Of course, it's a girl.

The fine for whistling in Stuttgart, Germany, is 15 marks.

Camels are to be introduced in the German army for ambulance purposes.

Utah, which contained not a rail sixteen years ago, now has 1,084 miles of railway.

The swellest ladies of Wheeling, W. Va., hire their diamonds.

This country turns out 2,450 watches every twenty-four hours.

A Poughkeepsie bootblack has $1,000 in the bank.

Japan has 118 newspapers, besides 133 miscellaneous publications, and her newspaper circulation is 52,300,000.

The ground upon which Cincinnati stands was purchased by J. C. Symmes, about ninety years ago, for 67 cents an acre.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is building a $340,000 church at Flamborough, Eng., in memory of her son.

The school authorities of St. Louis, Mo., after a long discussion, have decided not to abolish corporal punishment in their public schools.

The latest tramp stratagem is to offer to chop wood for dinner, and then run away with the axe.

Mills Smith, of Green county, Va., dropped dead just as he was raising his hand to swear that his tax list was correct.

It is estimated that of the animals that are attacked by the cattle plague, now raging in Egypt, not more than 10 in 100 recover.

Phil. D. Armour, of Chicago, "the ruler of the provision market of the world," is 44 years of age, started as a New York farmer boy, and is now worth over $10,000,000.

At Franklin, La., the postmaster, editor, recorder, justice of the peace, constables, members of the legislature, and several merchants, are all colored.

A man at Patterson, N. J., wanted to sue another for calling him a thief, but changed his mind when he found it would cost him $1.40 to procure a warrant.

A Texas man proposes to get hides from cattle as we get wool from sheep. He wants to skin the animals alive, and turn them out until a new skin has formed. He is in an insane asylum.

A new plan of building levees on the Mississippi is to fill great boxes with the yellow river's water. As the water settles it is drained off, leaving heavy sediment.

The St. Louis livery stable keepers are to publish a black list of men whose custom they don't want. Men who forget to pay their bills and who break carriages and abuse horses.

The viceregal carriage, with its cavalry escort, the officer riding by the door with his drawn sword, and the car of detectives following, is a familiar sight in Dublin.

It is but rarely, in running over English newspapers, that a reader will see a paragraph of this size upon any subject. Articles from a quarter of a column to a couple of columns in length are the rule.

Hartford insurance clerks took to guessing how many dollar bills were required to weigh as much as a $20 gold piece. The lowest guess was 250, and the highest 1,000, while the real number was only 84.

Two English sparrows at Paducah, Ky., tried to drown each other in a street gutter. The struggle was a long and desperate one, and finally one got the head of the other under water and kept it there until life was extinct.

One of the sights in Rio Janeiro is a very dark negro who goes about in a dog-cart driven by a white dandy. The driver is a cockney, imported from London expressly to mark the wealth, fashion and importance of his noble master.

There was neither boat nor bridge to cross the Iowa stream which separated Patrick Foley from his sweetheart, Kate Marron. "If you loved me, Pat," the girl called to him, "you'd swim over to me." He was drowned in trying to do it.

Charles G. Leland says that one of the bitterest curses which he heard in Egypt was: "May God make you wear a chimney-pot hat." The Mohammedan sees in the brim of this article a hindrance to touching the forehead to the ground in prayer.

An Omaha genius has invented a fountain pen, a stamp canceller, a double postal card, a sample-tube, a burr-dresser, a car-track cleaner, a fire-escape, artificial teeth, a jar cover, a lampwick and a device for making hands shapely. And still he is not rich.

Henry Connor quarreled with a negro near Monroe, Ga., and struck him on the head with a stick. A gun was in Connor's other hand, and the stick breaking, a piece of it struck the trigger, discharging the gun. The load entered the negro's head and blew out his brains.

Compelled to wait unduly for supper at the Rankin House, at Columbus, Ga., Mr. Stewart, of Mobile, drew a revolver, and, leveling it at the waiter, imperiously demanded: "Bring my supper at once!" The dining-room rapidly emptied and the meal was promptly furnished; but before it was finished the hasty guest was hurried off and locked up.

ARE YOU RIGHT SURE that you are so physically constituted as to be exempt from all attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, or Dysentery? If not, it would be prudent to provide yourself with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe medicine for those Affections, and a sure corrative for Summer Complaint, and all Diseases of the Bowels, in either children or adults.

HEALTH---BEAUTY.

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from unCured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to 20 minutes. NOT ONE HOUR After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first, AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

HOW HE TRAVELED.

The other day while riding
From the country to the city,
I saw a fellow taken down
In a way I thought was witty;
I know you will agree with me
That it was very "pretty."

The conductor came for tickets,
And passed a person by,
Whereat a wondering countryman
Opened wide his eye,
And approached the fellow passenger
Bound to know the reason why.

"Well, sir," the city chap replied,
"If you'd really like to know,
I travel, sir, on my good looks."
The countryman said, "Sho!"
And, staring hard a moment, said,
"I guess you hain't got far to go!"

—S. T. CLEE.

Facetiæ.

A wife is called a better half because a man had better half her than not half her.

What is meant by a Sabbath day journey? Is it the distance between anyplace and the nearest good fishing ground?

"Breakers ahead," murmured the policeman in the shadow, as he saw a couple of burglars trying the lock on a bank door.

"It's a wise child," etc. Mother—"Now, Nellie, tell me who this gentleman is?" Nellie—"That ain't no gentleman—that's papa."

A Vermont youth, at his mother's funeral, said to the neighbors: "Pa and me are obliged to you all, and hope soon to be able to do as much for you."

A shower of stones is reported by sixteen gentlemen of St. Albans, Vt. It is noticed, however, that these gentlemen are members of a brass band.

"No wonder," said the doctor, "the child is sick all the time. It has both its grandmothers and its grandfathers and a candy store all in the same block."

As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets in Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol," said she; "don't be afraid."

One of the mysteries that can never be solved, is that a pair of socks that will stay up all right in the winter, will come right down on the instep every five minutes in the summer.

One of the loveliest spectacles in this world is to watch the expression of rapture that passes over the face of the dude as he sucks lemon up through a straw, rolls his eyes, and rubs his ears together at the back of his head.

Beatty's Organs for $35.00.

Special attention is called to Mayor Beatty's Parlor Organ advertisement on 15th page. Any of our readers who are in want of a Cabinet Organ at a reduced price should order at once from the advertisement, as the time is limited to only seven days from date of this paper.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. E. BIRCH & CO., 32 Day St., N. Y. AND NOT WEAR OUT.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

TO CONQUER THAT

BLUE DEVIL!

---DISEASE---

Use ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS.

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

The Code of Ethics prevented this Infallible Remedy from coming before the public for a period of **33 years.**

It was the **Favorite Prescription** of one of our late and highly-esteemed **Physicians,** who enjoyed a very extensive **Practice** in Philadelphia from **1834** to the time of his demise in **1871.**

The secret of this Preparation was offered to the **Medical Fraternity** about the year **1857,** with a very lengthy **Thesis** on **Dyspepsia,** but was respectfully declined, owing to it approaching the **Homœopathic System** of **Treatment,** but as years rolled by it was noticed that the discoverer of this remarkable Remedy was making rapid **Strides** in his **Profession,** and it was ascertained that two-thirds of his practice was devoted to **Dyspeptics.**

Shortly after this discovery an **Unsuccessful** effort was made by many "prominent in the **Profession** to obtain the **Formula** and adopt the **Treatment."** The discoverer never forgot the rejected "**Formula** and **Thesis.**" As a devoted **Friend** and **Student** I had several years' experience in the preparation of these Powders and became sole owner of the Formula as part of a legacy. I then commenced putting the Remedy up in Packages of 30 Powders, sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and treating the poor and honest Dyspeptics free of charge. But the demand for gratuitous packages increased to such an extent that I was obliged to discontinue the distribution. But, in order that Dyspeptics may avail themselves of this remarkable Remedy at a reasonable price, I decided to give the 10 days' treatment for One Dollar, and I feel confident that no other Remedy exists that has the same action and results. The action of these Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *food* during the process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Several thousand packages of these Powders have been sold without the aid of the press or other advertising mediums, but as there are thousands of Dyspeptics who are not aware of this Treatment, I am obliged to resort to this expensive method to bring it to their notice, **and, I trust,** you will not class this Treatment with the worthless remedies you may have used. **Your Druggist** can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address or to my agents and you will receive a package by the next mail. Postage stamps accepted.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "**SNUFFENE**" and enjoy New Life.

"**SNUFFENE**" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metalic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

If the Druggist in your vicinity cannot supply you, send me the amount in Postage Stamps and you will receive a box by mail. Address,

Laboratory, 1839 Seybert St. FRANK E. ENGELMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. B.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. K. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

H. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

Humorous.

Always in style—S.

Always in haste—The letter H.

Handy book-markers—Dirty fingers.

Cast iron—Flat-irons used for missiles.

A swell affair—Filling a balloon with gas.

A laughing stock—A collection of good jokes.

The outcome of ill-feeling—Sending for the doctor.

A scholar who is never far from the head—The pupil of the eye.

NUMEROUS are the cures of Heart Disease from using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. By druggists.

Why is a good square meal to hungry man like a bucket? It goes down well.

THEY gratefully testify to the virtue of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease. Price $1.5 for $5.

Should music be sold by the chord? Drum music should be sold by the pound.

MANY times you want to keep meat or fish for several days. Lay it in a Solution of Rex Magnus over night, and you can keep it for weeks. You can also keep milk a week or more by stirring in a little of the "Snow Flake" brand.

One swallow does not make a summer, but too many swallows will make one fall.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

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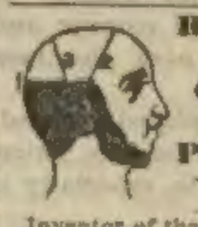

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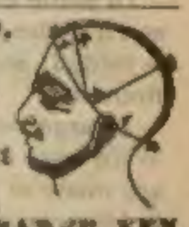

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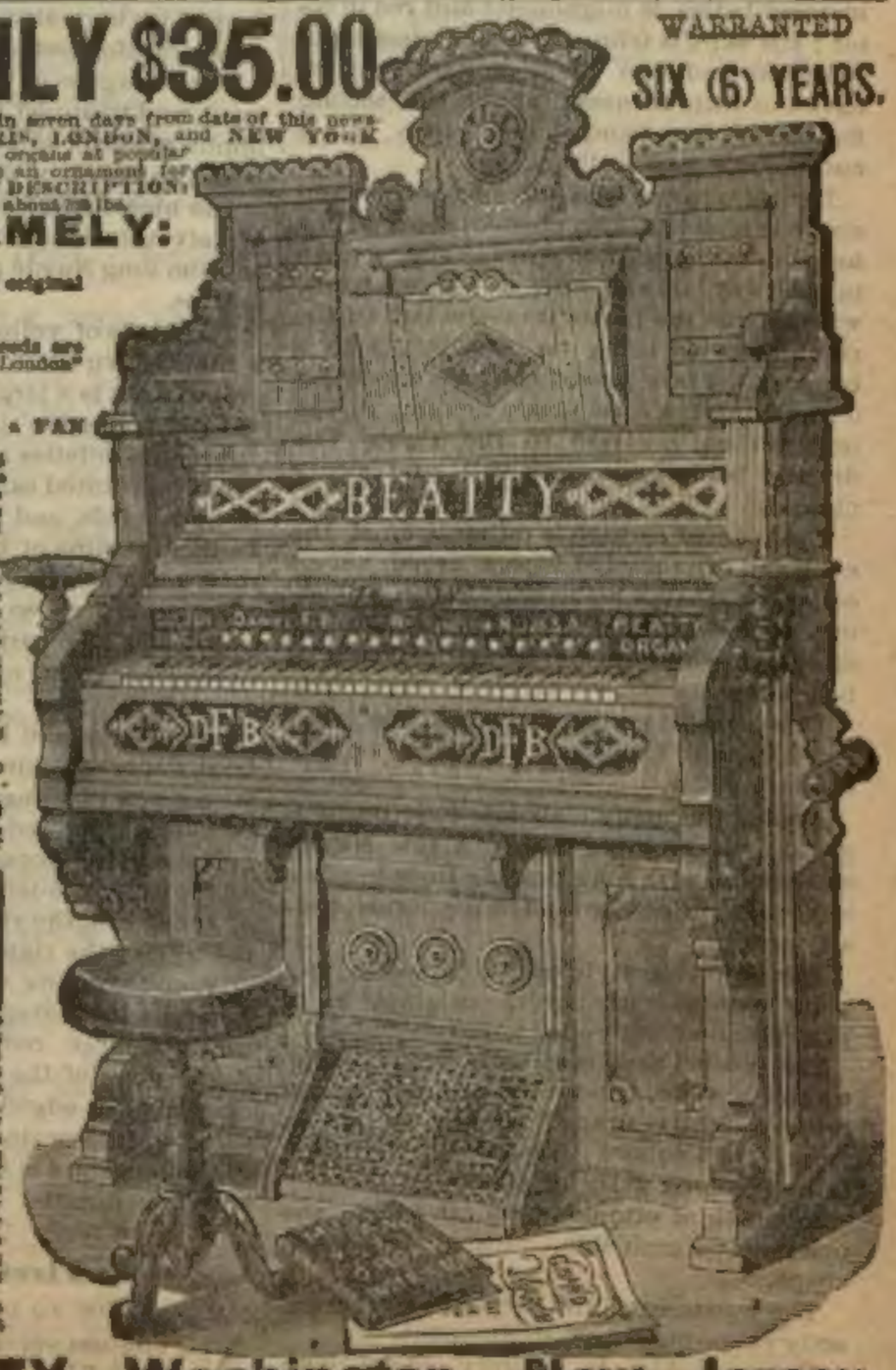

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THIS summer the colors of fruits rather than those of vegetables are copied in materials, and fruits are the favorite designs upon silks and cottons in preference to flowers, especially upon rich and expensive silks; plums, cherries, peaches, currants, all are luxuriantly displayed.

It cannot be said that they are equal in beauty to flowers for the purpose, though if well made the effect is less eccentric than would be supposed.

One example has the skirt of Turkey red surah trimmed with bands of black velvet and a double ruche of biscuit-colored lace; the polonaise is sprinkled with greengages upon a red ground.

In many cases the corsage is of the plain material and the effect is certainly more elegant.

A favorite style is to have the fronts closed at the neck and then cut out in a triangle, which is filled in with a chemisette of white crepe lisse; the sleeves also are partly of lisse or lace.

Many skirts are made of voile, lawn, or batiste, entirely covered with alternate bouillonnes and lace flounces, or flounces of the material edged with lace.

The first flounce is gathered into the waistband and forms a kind of basque; it is gathered only just sufficiently to allow the edge to fall easily but almost flat, and should be entirely of embroidery or lace; below are a bouillonne and a flounce, and these are repeated to the edge of the skirt.

In some cases a very light drapery is sewn to the front point of the corsage and is folded across the hips over the lace flounce.

A large bow is generally placed behind. With very light fleecy materials the skirts are made as puffed as possible, especially if to be worn on a tall figure.

Small figures look better in panelled skirts, vertical trimmings giving a taller appearance than horizontal ornaments. The lightness of the fabric authorises in both cases voluminous double draperies, tablier below and paniers above, both trimmed with lace, which can be worn by tall and short alike.

This is not the case with many trimmings which are only suitable for certain tall and well-proportioned figures.

Light summer woolen fabrics and limousines are the materials used for complete costumes, dress and mantle alike. These are often chequered, as being useful and young in appearance without being pretentious.

An elegant dress of plaid limousine, suitable for grown-up young ladies or young married ladies, is mignonette and red in color; the skirt is trimmed with a pleating of red surah and two plaid flounces, which have but little fulness; above the second flounce is a bias band of fine green velvet cut into saw-like scallops.

The upper skirt falls in box-pleats, and above is a tablier, also pleated, sewn with a heading to the pointed corsage and drawn in half way down with a velvet band, which turns the pleats from the left to the right, securing them on the left with a large velvet bow passed through a mother-o'-pearl buckle; the pleats turning to the left are then reversed to the right. The drapery behind is square, full, and richly pleated.

The pointed corsage is rather open at the neck and ornamented with a green velvet collar, the sleeves being edged with a pleating of red surah, the traditional pleating of old, which promises to be revived in full force.

This graceful stylish dress is to be used for walking, for short journeys, or for friendly visits.

Among the many elaborate toilettes prepared it is refreshing to note a few simple exceptions, with long flowing lines in place of the voluminous rounded draperies usually seen.

The following style can be copied in any plain material, although the original is in blue ottoman and voile.

The pleated skirt is of voile, above being a skirt of voile, plain or printed, which forms a lightly draped square tablier in front, and a square drapery at the back falling in long graceful pleats

A robing of ottoman or surah fills in the openings on each side, pleated into a V shape.

The waistcoat of the pointed corsage exactly resembles this arrangement.

The voile skirt is entirely edged with cashmere braid, placed flat, so that the braid edging the sides of the table supports the pleats which drape it.

Any plain material can be used for the tablier, when the robings might be of striped or broche silk; or if preferred the robings might be of pleated plain silk and the tunic of embroidered or printed voile, surah, cashmere, or serge.

Braids of all varieties also can be used, cashmere braid being preferable for cashmeres or voiles, but ecru silks and washing materials can be trimmed with embroidered etamine bands.

The style is very suitable for young ladies when they have been presented and commence to dress in a fashionable manner.

Very elegant traveling dresses for brides, the skirt, tunic, and Prioress vetement of the same material, are made of plaid serge, with an amber ground and large tartan stripes in subdued colors.

They are much worn for matinees, visites afternoon drives, flower shows, garden parties, and similar occasions.

This summer embroidery is worn on everything.

Any kind of embroidery is used, eccentric or usual, though the success of peculiar designs and work depends on the combination and arrangement of colors and materials.

The foundation of the skirt is silk, covered with two serge pleatings and a thick serge ruche, pleated in fluted box-pleats, forming a heading to the two flounces.

The polonaise is very simple, of the redingote type, draped with a scarf of chequered surah starting from the side seams and tied in front towards the left, when the vetement is not used, but which when the mantle is worn, draws the drapery up on the tournure, the scarf being passed through a second opening placed below and firmly fastened to the tournure.

The Prioress mantle is much admired, having a very monastic cachet, the arm emerging from an opening from the neck to the waist.

The costume is adopted by brides who travel great distances during their honeymoon.

For young ladies, married or not, voile is very much employed for dressy toilettes, and in strange opposition as to consistance, velvet is often chosen to trim them in preference to lace.

Velvet has never been laid aside, but on the contrary is as much used for trimmings in June and July as it was in December, and even the lightest fabrics are combined with it.

A stylish voile dress, made for a very young married lady, has a plain skirt of pale blue voile, trimmed at the edge and up the sides with bands of dark lapis lazuli blue velvet.

The voile tunic is very pretty, gauged at the waist and turned under above the knees in blouse fashion, the material being draped up high also on the left, forming most graceful festoons.

The corsage is of voile, pointed back and front, and trimmed with a narrow bouillonne plastron of pale blue surah edged with two bands of velvet.

The high turned-over Directoire collar is of velvet, inside being a deep lace pleating and the long Suede gloves should cover the sleeves.

The hat is of yellow Friburgh straw, with a high crown encircled with velvet bands; on the right is a large cockade of blue velvet and pale satin ribbon.

Sea-side toilettes are made of chequered zephyrs, printed cambrics, with patterns of flowers, birds, and figures, and of printed Indian muslins of beautifully supple texture, and in soft colors.

Toilettes are also made entirely of voile, but in this case part is of plain, part of embroidered voile on the same colored ground.

A stylish model has the skirt in a large bouillonne of plain Havanah voile edged with a box pleating, each pleat embroidered with a large red spot.

The spotted corsage is very original with a basque on the left edged with a wide band of red surah, the right being in one with the tunic; the right front buttons diagonally, and crossing the basque on the left joins the back drapery just above the knees under a large red bow. The tunic and drapery are of the spotted voile, and the open neck is edged with a revers of the same, which continues down the right front to the bow, and is filled in with a full red surah chemisette.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO DECORATE FANS.

NO one has yet been able definitely to prove when fans were first invented. There can be no doubt, however, of their existence three thousand years ago, for representations of these familiar articles have been discovered on the tombs at Thebes.

The Chinese, according to one of their old legends, claim to have been the inventors, as, indeed, they claim to have first originated the manufacture of pottery, and of porcelain.

Hebrews and Egyptians recognized the advantages of fans, which which were common amongst them, but to the Grecians must be conceded the palm where grace and elegance of form are concerned.

In the art of fan-making, as in everything else that demanded the presence of artistic taste, they excelled; awkward curves and ungainliness of outline were unknown.

Naturally enough the custom of using these articles spread from one country to another, and was handed down from generation to generation.

All that is required by the fan-painter is a box of water-colors, a bottle of Chinese white, some sable brushes, a china palette, a bottle of gum, a bottle of ox-gall, a firm drawing-board, and a table-easel for the copy, unless the painter is also the designer, in which case she will need no copy.

But our advice to an amateur is to obtain, if possible, a fan executed by a well-known artist, and to reproduce it; more might thus be learned in a few hours, than if double the number were spent in making trials and experiments which often prove failures, for a good copy is as good as a lesson to any one who has acquired some knowledge of painting.

For fan-leaves, vellum, silk, satin, gauze, paper, and chicken's skin are all employed; and most of them require preparation—namely, sizing—before the colors are laid on.

The size is made as follows:—Half a pint of water is put into a jar, and to this is added half an ounce of isinglass; this is allowed to stand through the night to dissolve; the jar is then placed in a saucepan containing boiling water until the contents are perfectly clear.

If gelatine is used instead of isinglass, double the quantity is needed.

All the necessary implements being at hand, the artist may now set to work.

Put the material on a stretcher and apply the size, whilst still very warm, to both sides of it with a large flat brush.

When sufficiently stretched leave it to dry.

Cut out in paper the shape of the fan-leaf; when laid on the material it will serve as a guide, but a margin must be left beyond all round.

It has now to be stretched on a drawing-board ready for the painting process. Gum the edges a little way in, try it on the board and with a clean piece of soft linen smooth it out until it is quite level and adheres closely.

Be careful to keep the shape perfect during the operation. Sketch the subject lightly on the mount. On vellum or paper, a fine hard pencil can be employed for this purpose; but on textile fabrics the brush will best indicate the outlines. As no faulty lines can be erased the amateur should not unless an exceedingly good draughtsman, sketch direct on the mount. Make first a perfect drawing paper, then copy or trace it off on to the leaf. Red transfer paper is preferable to black, as the marks show less, and can be the more readily hidden in the painting, but the latter is also used.

Transfer paper needs to have the superfluous color removed by a piece of rag; it is to be well rubbed over the surface, otherwise the delicate shades of lustrous silk and sheeny satin will be ruined.

All colors for fan-painting are mixed with Chinese white.

Ordinary water-colors mixed with the white by the artist may be employed, or body colors can be obtained ready for fan-painting.

Satin mounts are general favorites, so we will mention them first.

The texture of satin, however rich, is somewhat coarse; in consequence of which it absorbs the colors, and renders a second and third layer of the tints often necessary.

Put in the darkest shades first, then the lighter, finishing up with the palest and most delicate.

When these are dry, touch up the first painting where requisite, wash in the softest tints, and, last of all, put in the high lights.

These last are never left, but are always put in with Chinese white. The admixture of white with all the colors enables the artist to blend the tints into the most exquisite harmonies, and such Lilliputian drawings need to be harmonious, or they are excruciating to an educated eye, and contrary to the canons of true art.

Do not use too much white, or the colors will crack and peel off, to the great detriment of the painting.

On textile mounts more white is wanted with the colors than for those designed for painting on paper. White or colored satins are easiest to work on; dark colors requiring more frequent washes, require also more patience than the amateur may care to bestow. Place a sheet of writing-paper under the hand whilst painting: it prevents the mount becoming soiled and greasy.

A vellum mount is stretched in the same way as drawing-paper; sponge it well with cold water, gum the edges, and fix it on the drawing-board, pressing it outwards in all directions with a clean piece of linen. It does not need to be sized.

High finished and delicate stippling are inseparable attributes of this description of fan decoration.

Correspondence.

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.)—Yes.

MR. E. S., (Wanshard, Wis.)—One year.

B. R. R., (Denver, Col.)—None whatever.

S. M. K., (Phila., Pa.)—We would prefer the original.

M. E. T., (Toland, Conn.)—Indiscriminate kissing is destructive of delicacy and sentiment.

T. W. S., (Crescent City, Cal.)—We do not know of any such firm either in New York or Philadelphia.

ARTHUR, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—You seem to have overlooked the fact that as an honest man you are not at liberty to do as you please in the matter.

T. B. F., (Chicago, Ill.)—Our advice to you is to set at work at once to cultivate your conscience, and then to act in accordance with its dictates.

FLORIE, (Logan, W. Va.)—At your age you certainly ought to be a judge of your own feelings, but if you are a wise judge you will be willing to listen to counsel.

B. W. M., (Winchester, Pa.)—No. There are some disadvantages in the wife's being older than her husband, but in a case where everything else makes marriage desirable it should not be an obstacle. Very happy marriages have occured where there was a greater disparity in age than ten years.

M. M. L., (Wheeling, Va.)—Be wise; and then you will know that no one can get everything he desires. You are yet young enough. Try to be good and happy, and improve your mind in all the ways that are open to you, and hope that among the minor blessings of life, a piano will one day be yours.

M. L. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—It is a lady's place to bow or speak first to a gentleman she meets on the street. You must please yourself whether or not you speak to him again. But it is a safe rule to follow—never speak to a young gentleman until you have been properly introduced.

K. M. C., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—Yes. The United States army is composed wholly of volunteers. Each recruit makes a contract with the government to serve five years. Of course absence from service except for sickness or furlough constitutes desertion in time of peace as much as in time of war. For particulars as to pay, &c., apply to the War Department, Washington, D. C.

H. S. T., (Summerville, Pa.)—Consuls are commercial rather than diplomatic agents. They are commissioned to reside in a foreign country as a representative of a government to protect the rights of seamen, reclaim deserters, to take possession of the property of citizens of their own country dying abroad, and in general to secure the rights of the persons they represent.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—If you you find the gentleman's society agreeable, treat him as a friend, and do not expect anything more from him. If, on the other hand, he tires you, let him know as delicately as you can the truth, and he will probably stop coming. In any case do not waste your affections on him till your affection is asked directly or indirectly. It is not the part of a lady to compel a man in any way to declare himself.

M., (St. Louis, Mo.)—It is quite true that the most innocent person may be wrongfully accused, and it would be cruel and unjust to allow an unproved accusation to weigh against a man all his life. At the same time, your parents are likely to have means of judging of a young man's general reputation which you have not, and you should be more than ordinarily careful in your relations with the young man. Tell him kindly but frankly how the case stands, and if he has good sense he will try to live down the reports about him.

W. H. A., (Polk, O.)—The planting of yews in churchyards no doubt took its rise from Pagan superstition. Being always green, the ancients used the tree largely for funeral rites, as an emblem, we may assume, of the immortality of the deceased, because of his great virtues or worth. The funeral pyre was composed of yew, cypress, fir, and other trees that are always verdant; while branches of yew and cypress were employed to indicate that a house was in mourning. That yews, because of their thick foliage, were planted in order to protect churches from storms may be doubted, seeing that the growth of the tree is so slow.

H. A. J., (Vernon, Miss.)—To make fern pictures, take a sheet of strong white paper, and with an atomizer pass over it with a spray of diluted mucilage, so as to obtain a thin and slightly sticky film, that will make the ferns adhere of which it is desired to make the picture. The ferns and leaves must first have been pressed in a book, and after arranging them to suit your taste, cause them to lie as closely to the paper as possible; fill an atomizer with very dilute India ink and blow a spray over the ferns, more or less in proportion as you want a darker or lighter shade. It is well to do this with intermissions, letting it dry a little, so as to avoid an excess of moisture and possibility of running into liquid drops. When nearly dry, but still a little moist, remove the ferns, which may be used over again several times.

B. K. S., (Hannahan, N. C.)—The question lies in a nut-shell. If you love soberly, strongly, and wisely, and feel sufficiently strong to keep your head above water for a few years, until you are old enough to marry, why then you can, with respect and due observance, tell your adopters your determination, and keep it. Remember they see things in a very different light from you. Your angel may be in their eyes a designing girl and you a romantic young fool. To you she is all innocence, beauty, modesty, and virtue, and you are utterly unworthy of her. But some unromantic persons would tell you that girls talk over matches, appraise a man's value, and consider Jones a great "catch," and Brown, who keeps a shop, a vulgar fellow to be avoided. And yet, in reality, Brown may be, and in nine cases out of ten is, the better man of the two, morally, physically, and intellectually. Recollect you duty and your gratitude to those who shielded you; but remember as well, that real, true love is a power in the world which, in spite of materialism, selfishness, and the stuck-up pride of the knowing ones, does exist, and should be reverently dealt with.